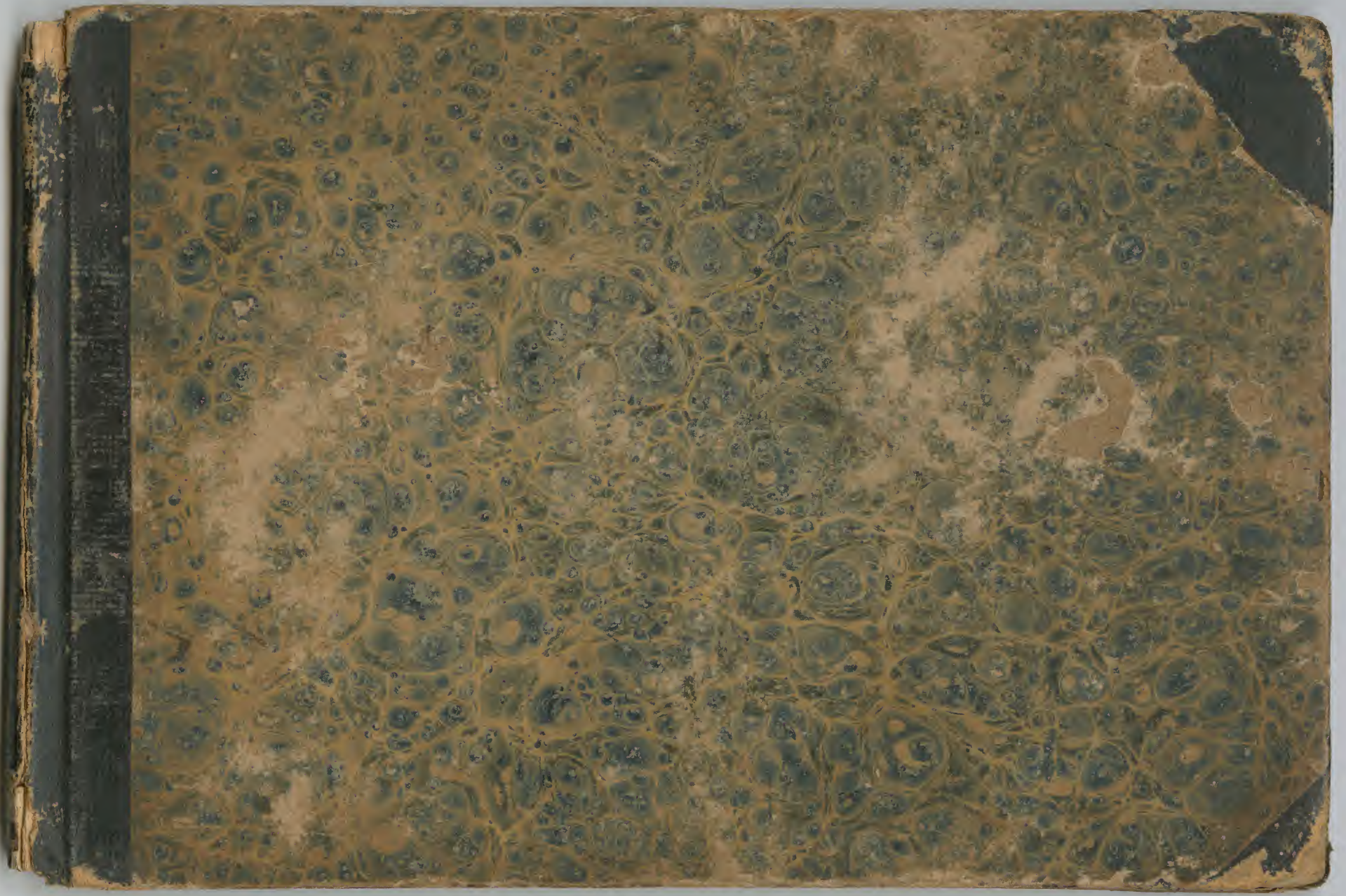
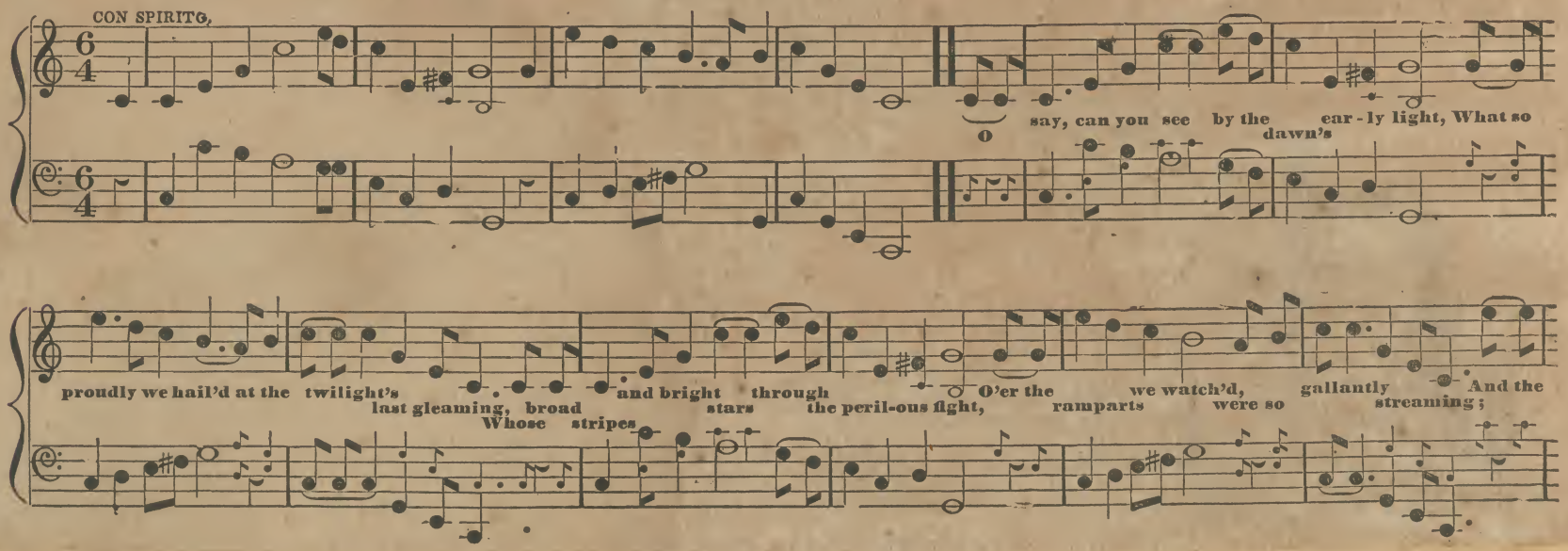


# THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER!

A CELEBRATED PATRIOTIC SONG—WORDS BY DR. McHENRY.

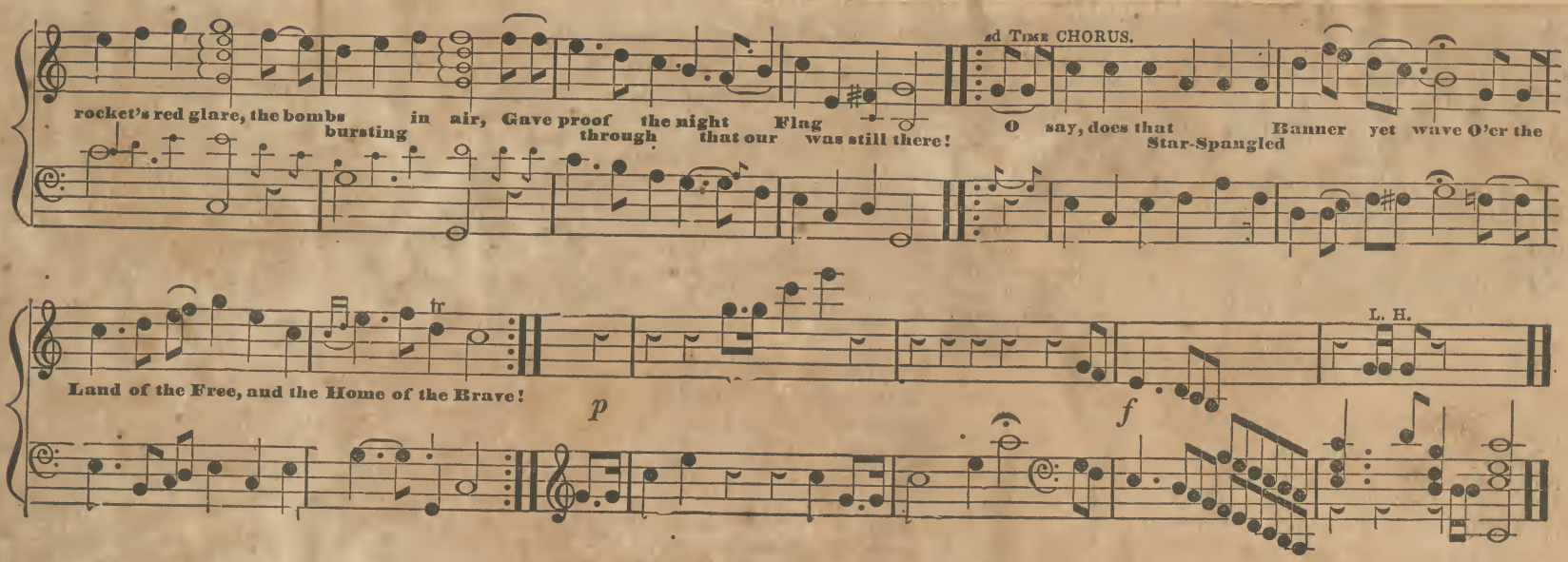


[06-009]

Soldier

G. Mc. Millan's Book, from his friend S. B. Shannon

1843.




II.

On the shore, dimly seen through the mist of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes;
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half-conceals, half-discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream!
'Tis the star-spangled banner, O! long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

III.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footstep pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

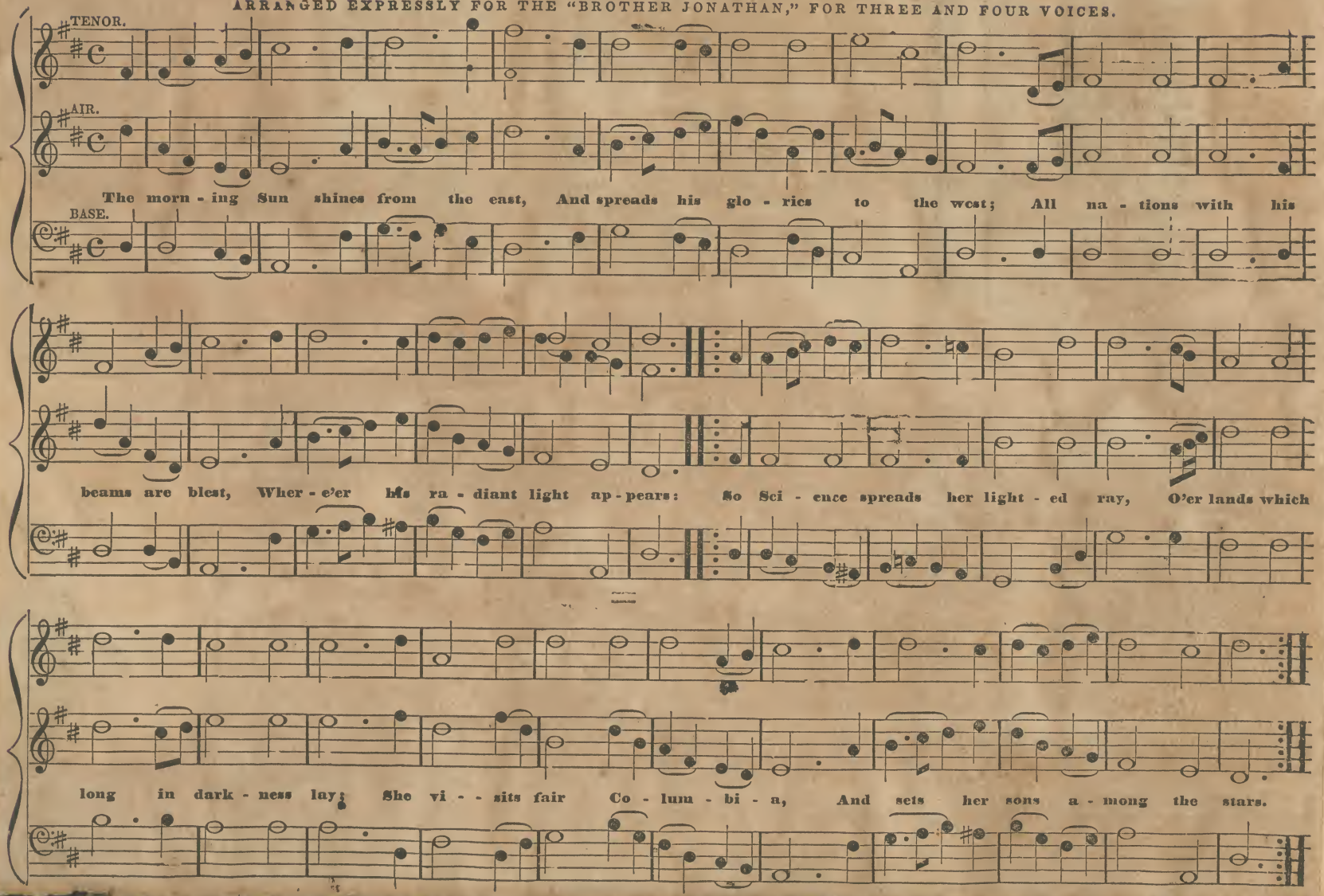
IV.

O! thus be it ever when freeman shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desolation;
Bless'd with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust!"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

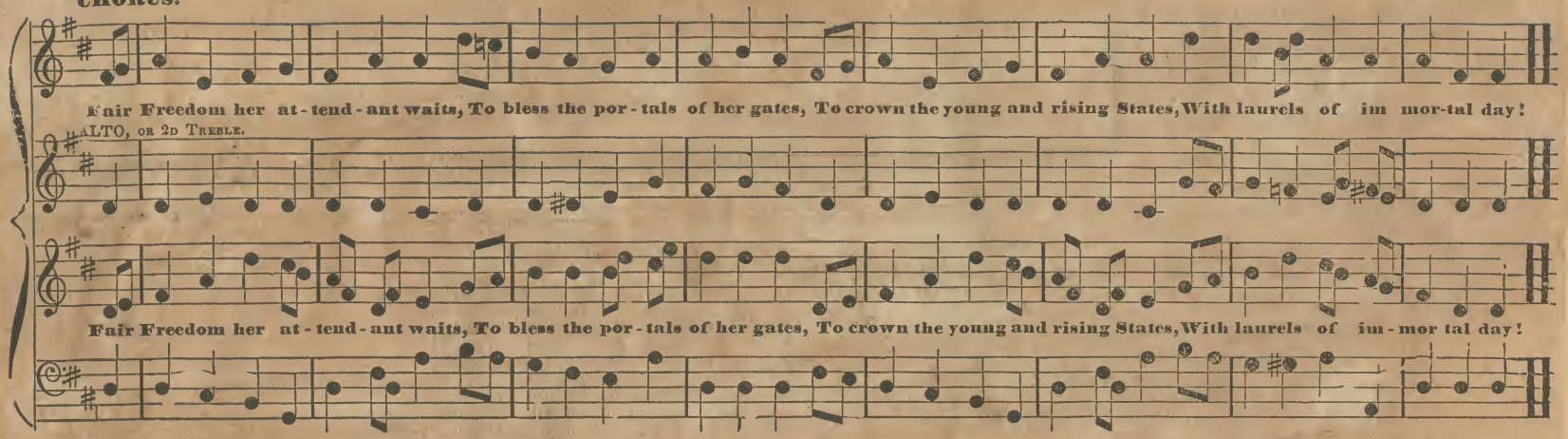
# ODE TO SCIENCE.

## A CELEBRATED SONG OF THE LAST CENTURY.

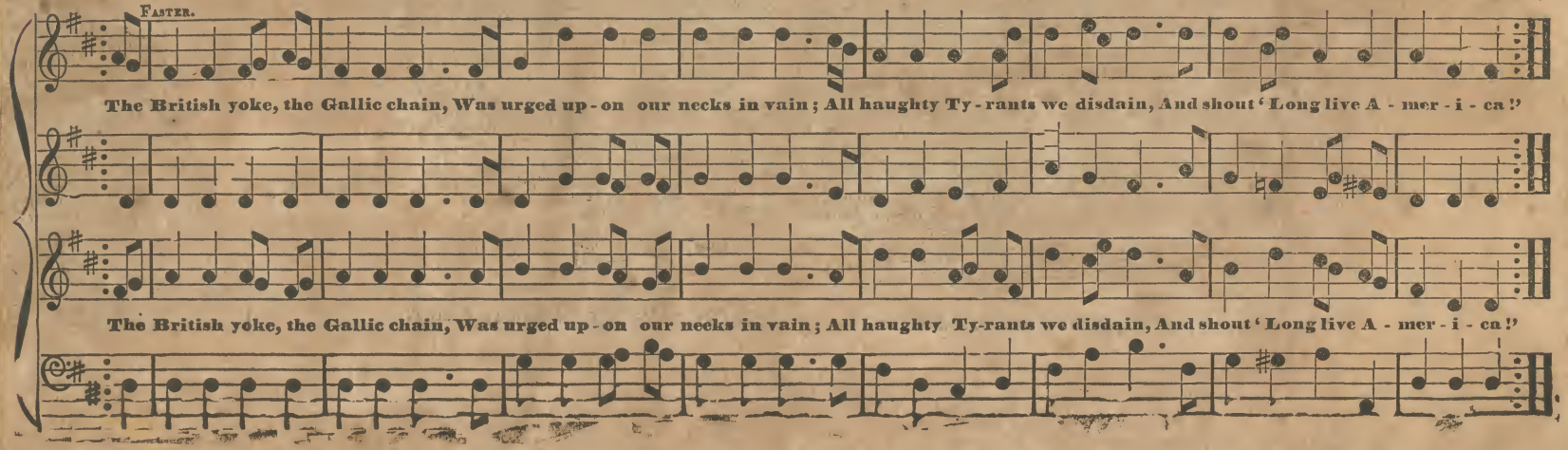
ARRANGED EXPRESSLY FOR THE "BROTHER JONATHAN," FOR THREE AND FOUR VOICES.



CHORUS.




REPEAT CHORUS.



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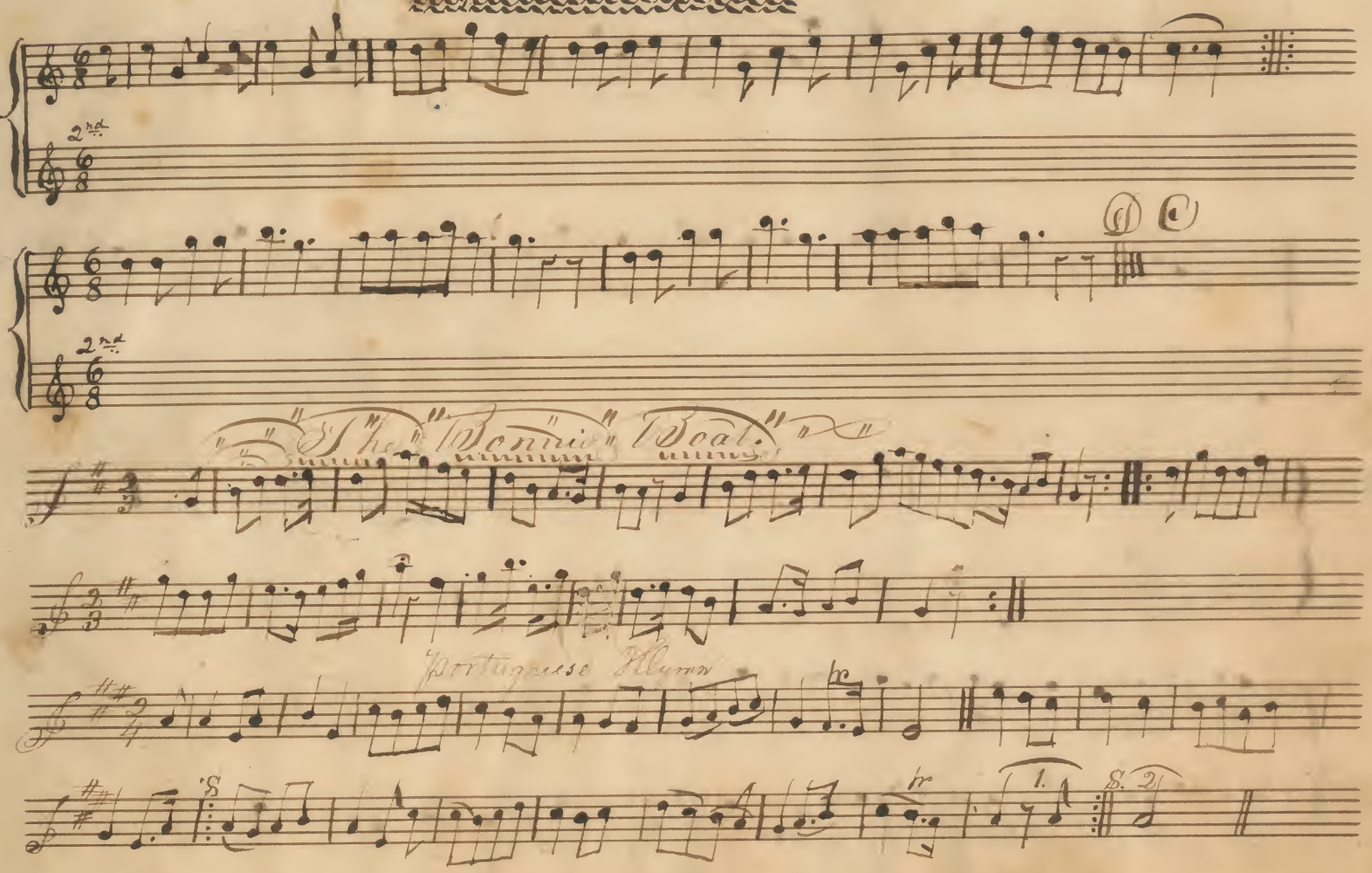
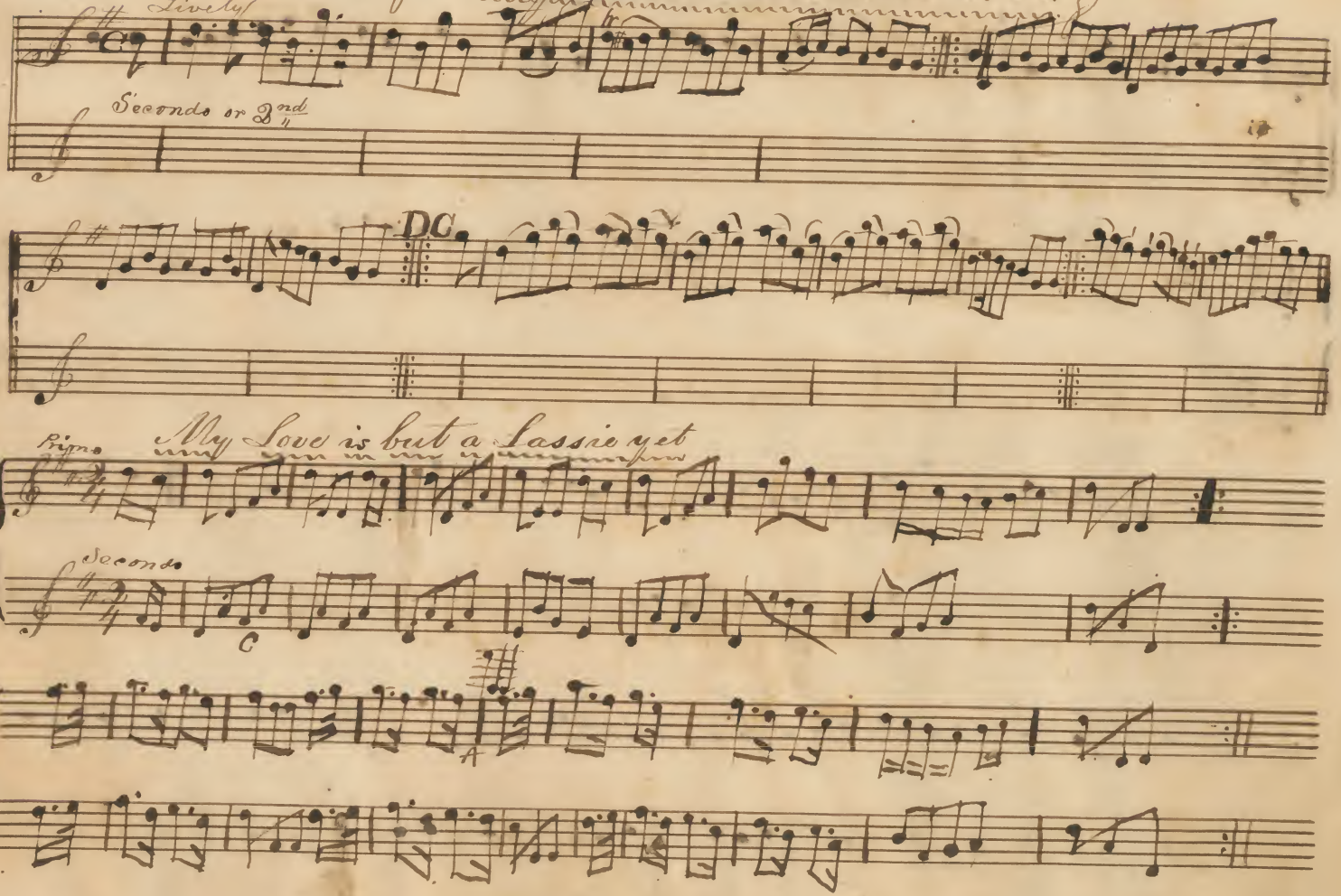
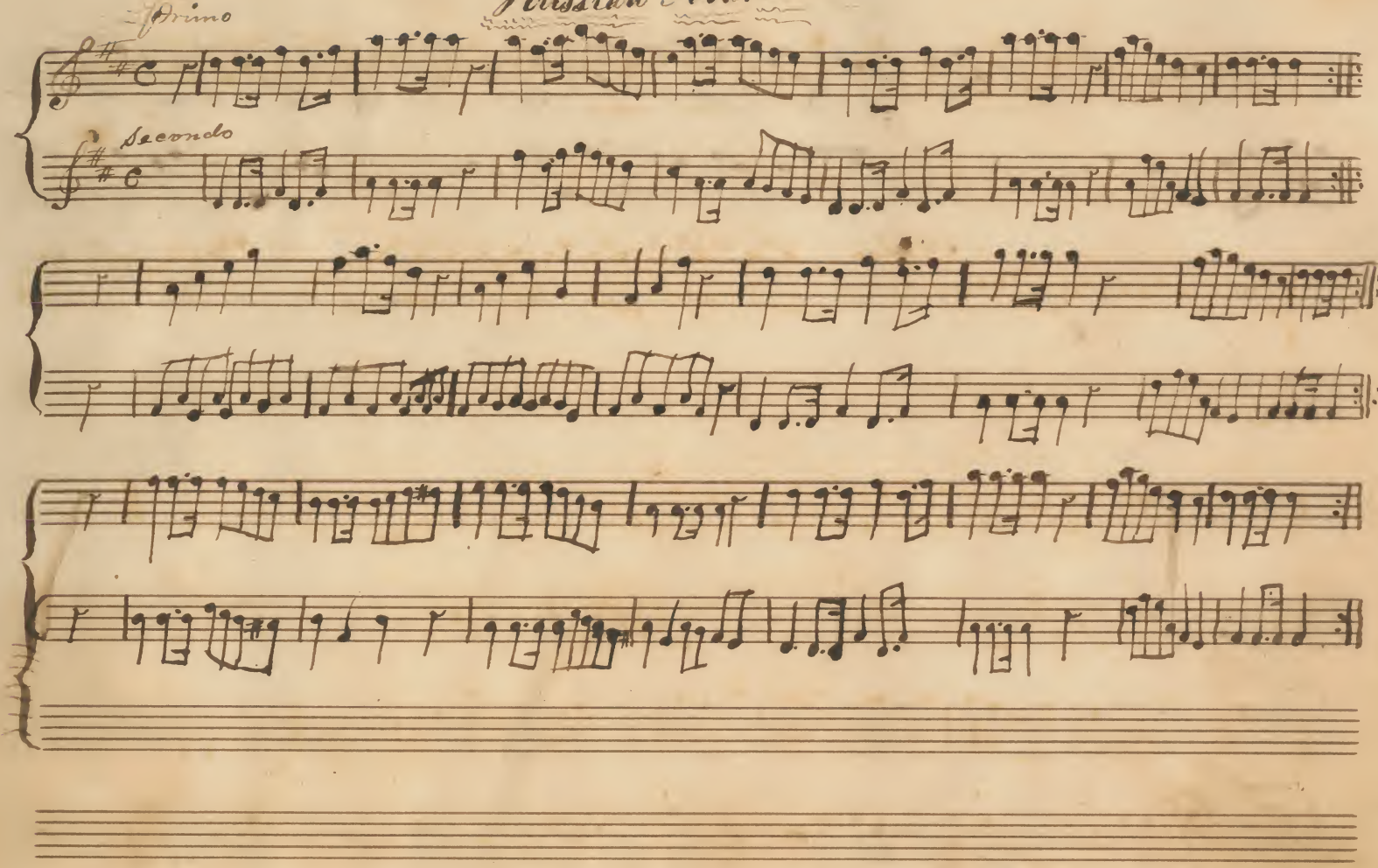
# Orphean March.



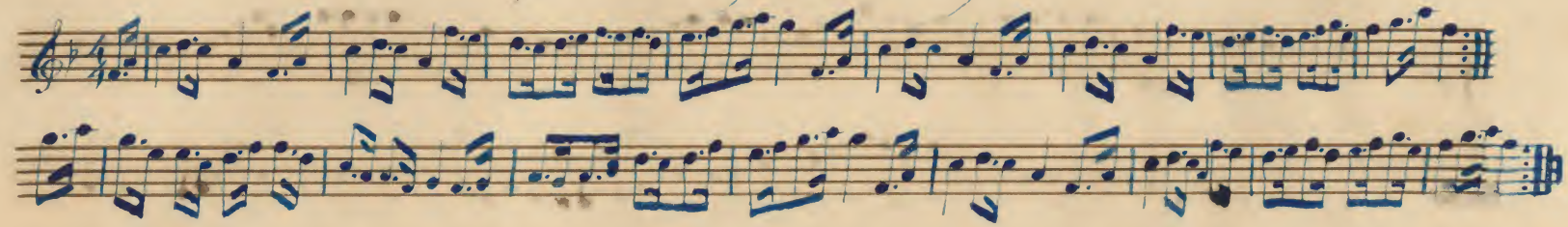
# "Miss" Mac Donnels Reel.

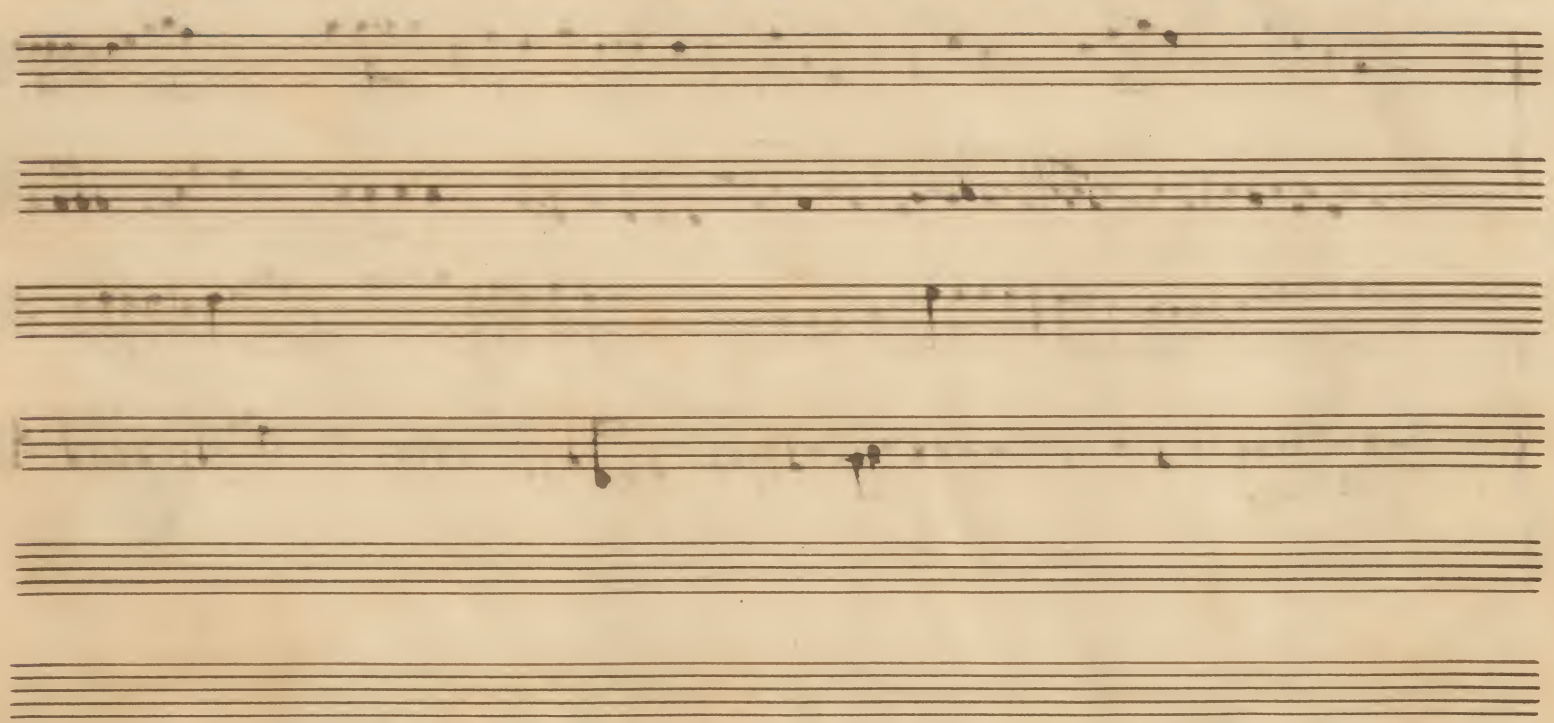


# Russian March

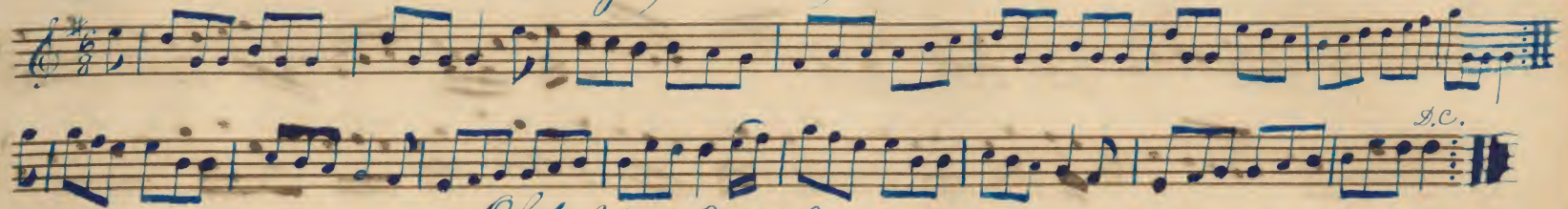


# Scotch March

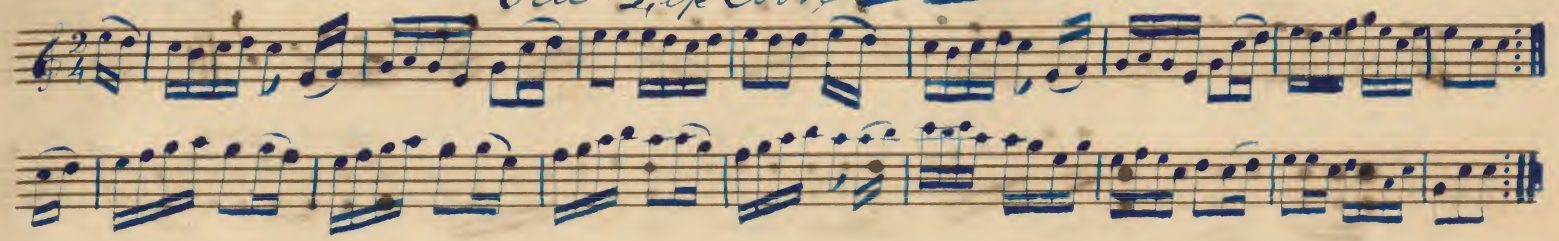




## Rory O'More

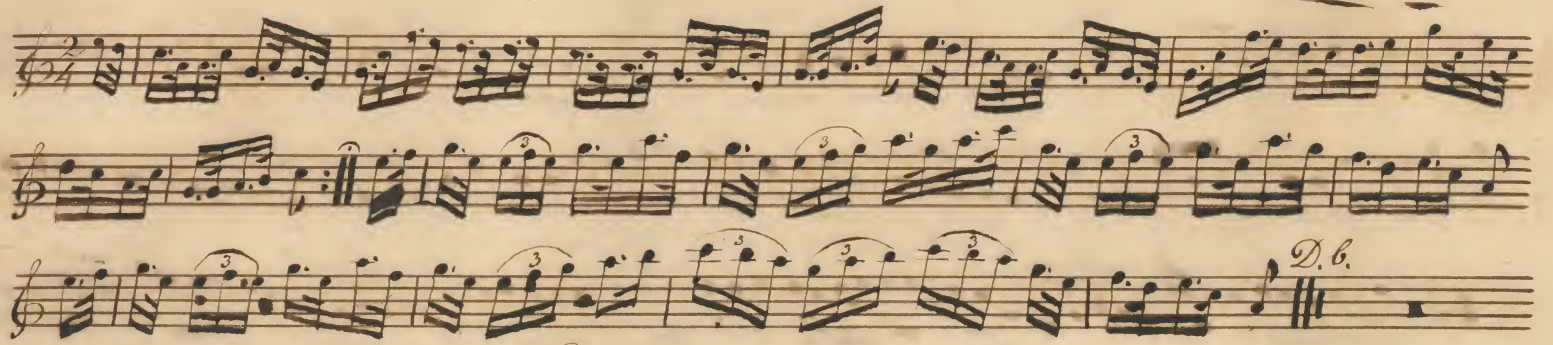



## Old Zip Coon

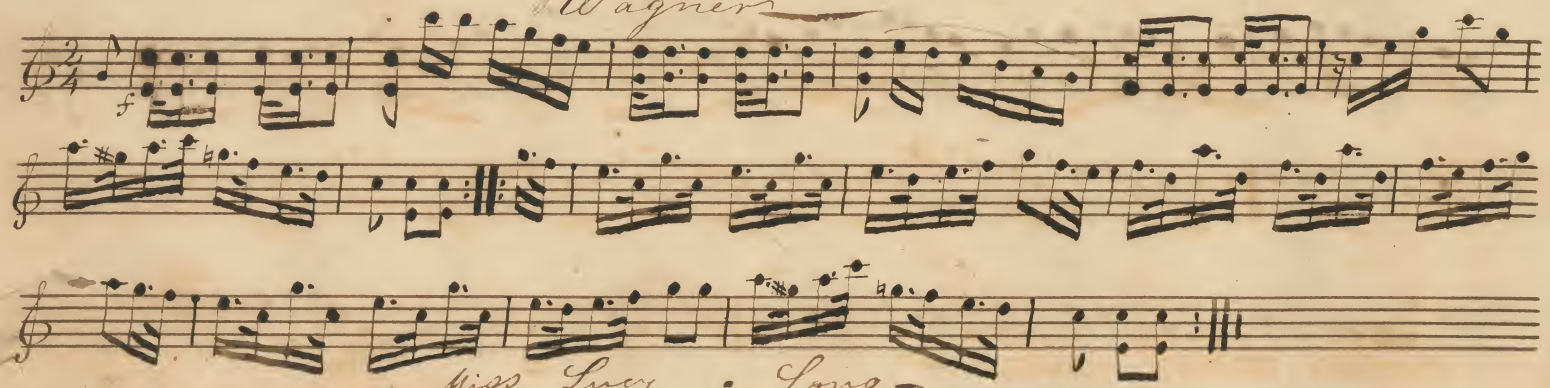


## Grey Eagle

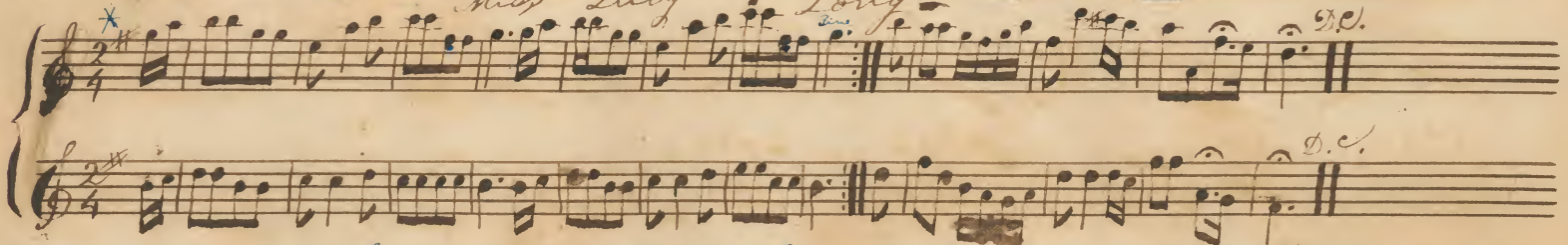
Scotch air




## Wagner



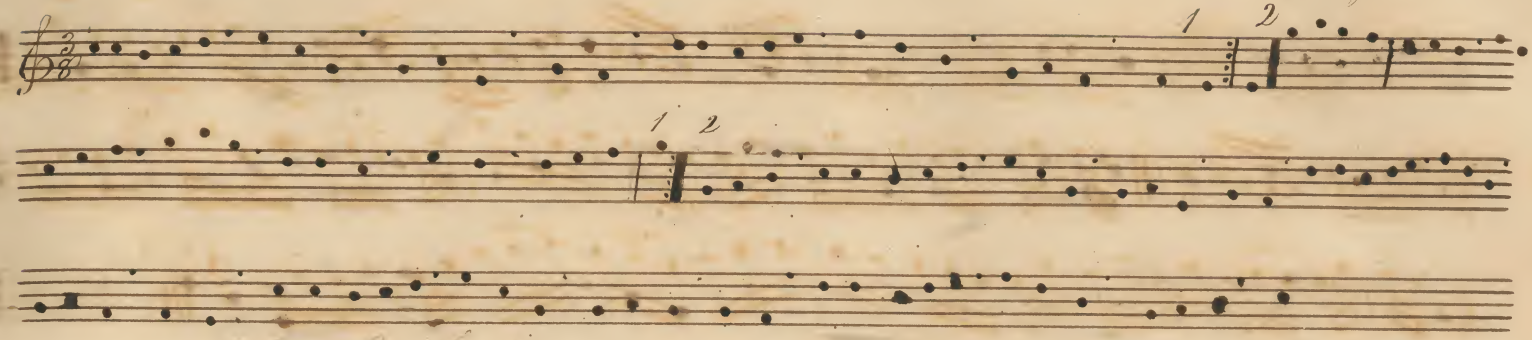
## Miss Lucy Long




* At pleasure, play this an octave lower than set; closing, ad libitum, with this high set, & the last half strain.

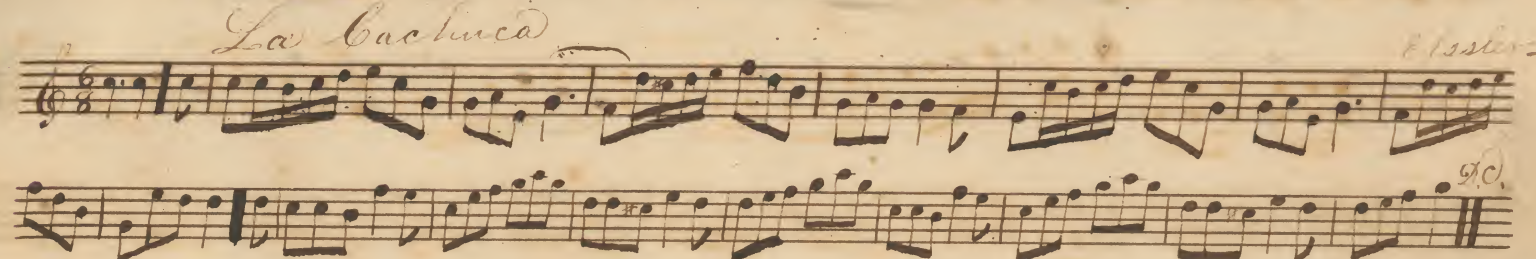
# Cachuca

Franz Elssler




## La Cachuca

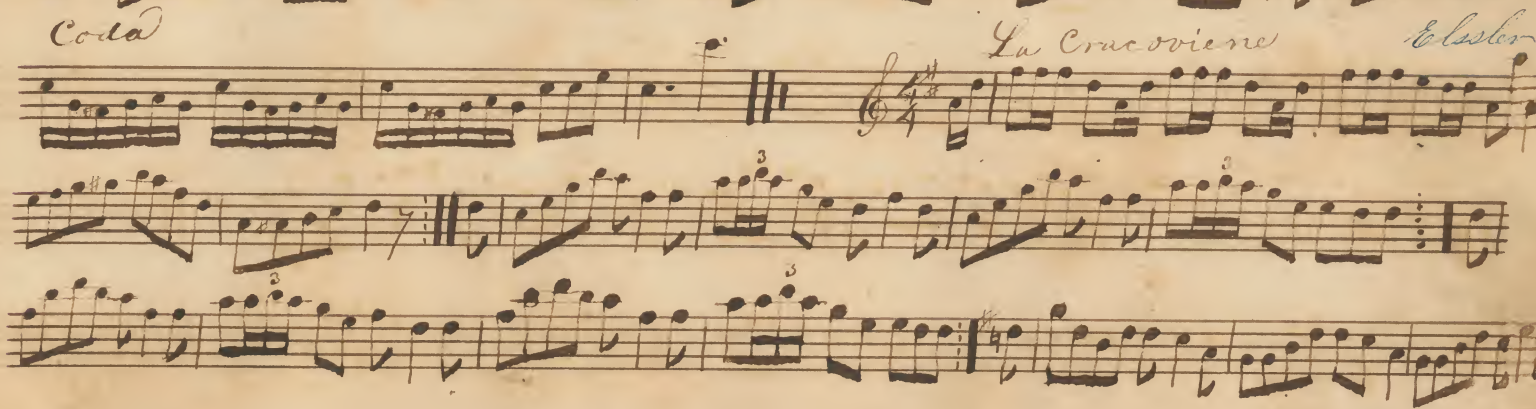
Elssler



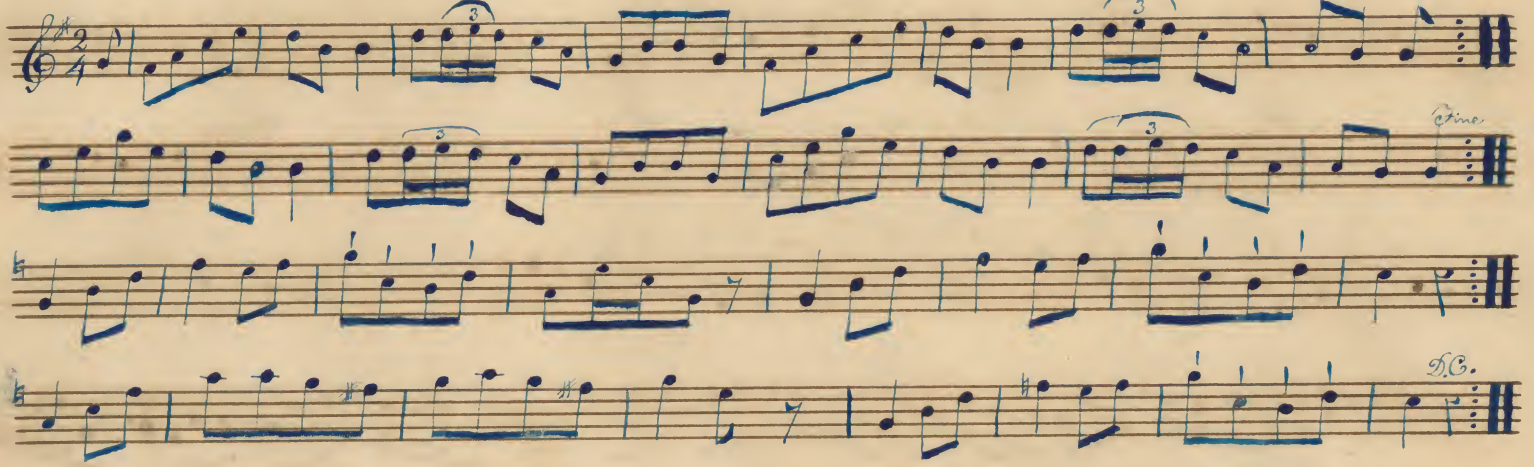

Coda

## La Cracoviene

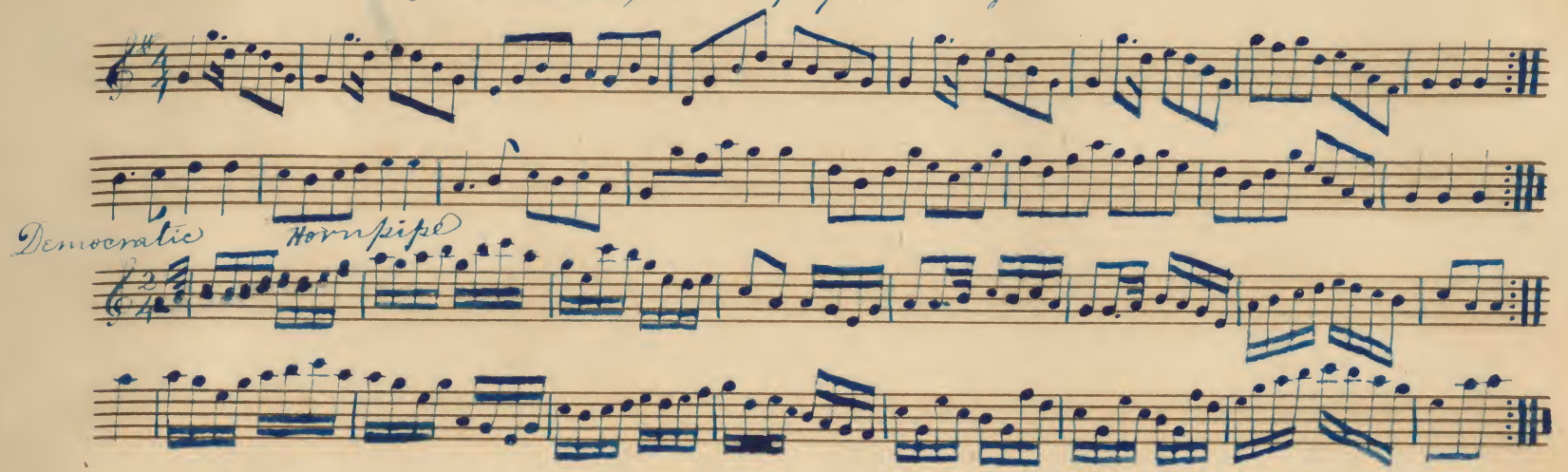
Elssler



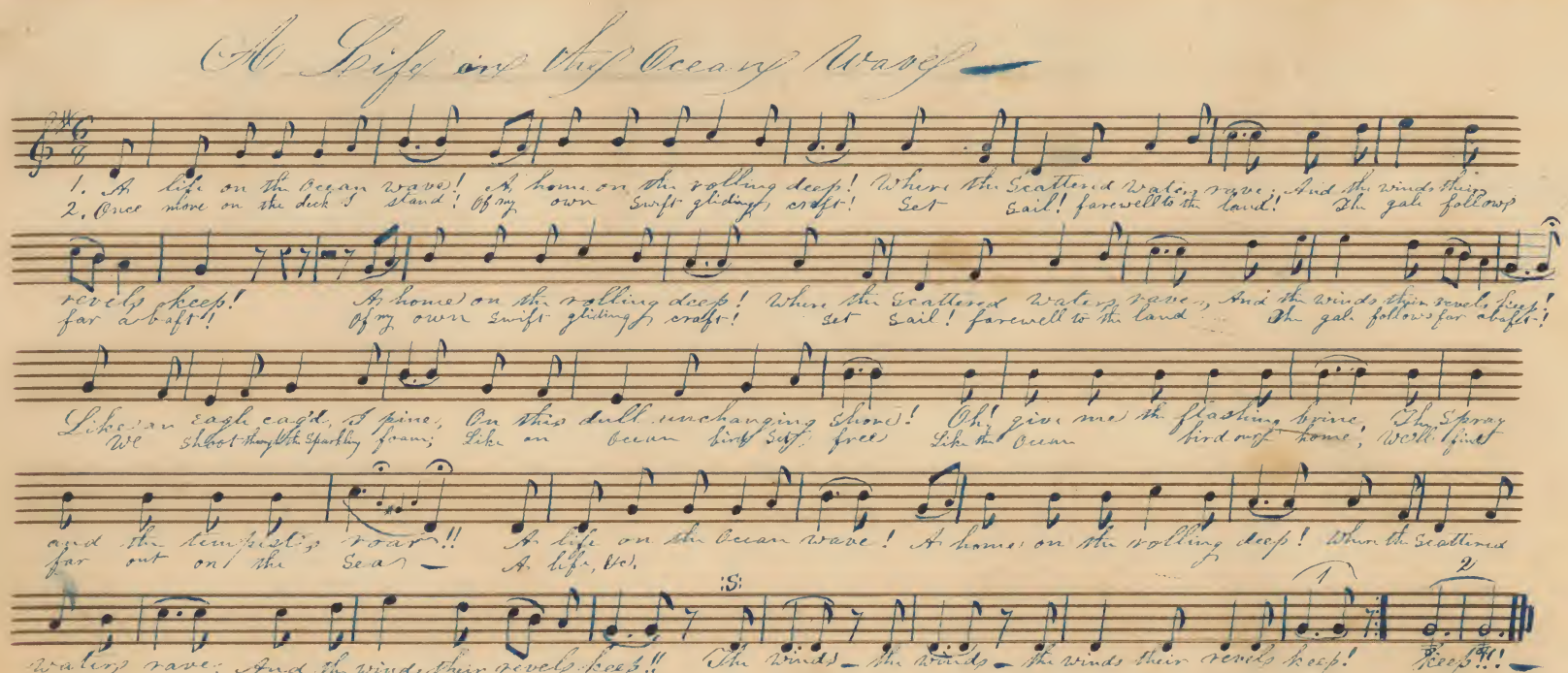
# Cracovienne Quickstep



## Mountain Hornpipe, or Douglass Favorite.



# A Life on the Ocean Wave




3. The land is no longer in view;
The clouds have begun to frown;
But with a good vessel & crew;
We'll say let the storm come down. The clouds have begun &c.

And the song of our heart shall be,
While the winds and the waters rave;
"A life on the heaving Sea!
A home on the bounding wave!" A life on the ocean wave, &c.

# Come to the Sunset Tree

Hemans

Moderato

Come, Come, Come! 1 Come to the sunset tree! The day is past and gone; The woodman's axe lies free,
2 Sweet is the hour of rest! Pleasant the voice low sigh, And the gleaming of the west,

1 Fine

And the reaper's work is done. The twilight star to heaven, And the summer dew to flowers,
And the turf whereon we lies. When the burden and the heat Of labor's task are o'er,

And rest to us is given By the cool soft evening hours. Come, come, &c
And kindly voices greet, The tired one at his door. For remaining verses see bottom of this page —

3 Yes; tuneful is the sound,
That dwells in whispering boughs;
Welcome the freshness round,
And the gale that fans our brows.

But rest, more sweet and still
Than ever nightfall gave,
Our longing hearts shall fill
In the World beyond the grave.
Come, come, &c.

4 There shall no tempest blow,
No scorching noontide beat;
There shall be no more snow;
No weary wandering feet.

And we lift our trusting eyes,
From the hill's our gathers trod,
To the quiet of the skies,
For the Sabbath of our Gods.
Come, come, &c.

# Am I not fondly thine Own?

Andantinos

1 Thou, then, reign'st in this bosom, There, there, hast thou thy throne; Thou, thou know'st that I
2 Then, then even as I love thee, Say, Say, wilt thou love me? Thoughts, thoughts tender and
3 Speak, Speak, love I implore thee! Say, Say, "Hope may be thine"; Thou, thou know'st that I

love thee, Am I not fondly thine own?
true love, Say wilt thou cherish for me?
love thee Say but that thou wilt be mine!

calando

tempo

Yes, yes, yes, yes, Am I not fondly thine own?

## They told me not to Love Him

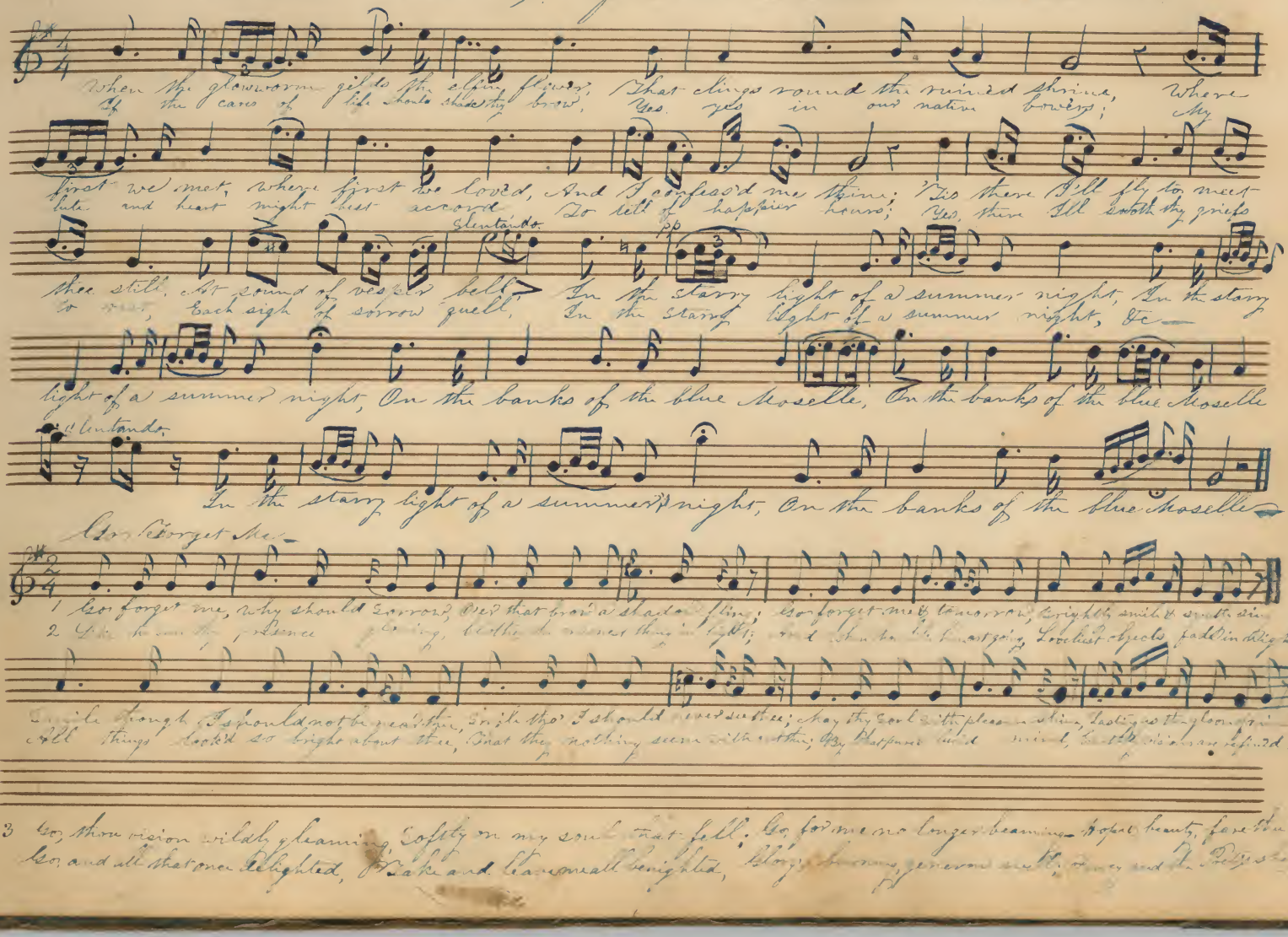
Andantino

They told me not to love him! He said that he would prove, Unworthy of so rich a gem, as woman's peerless love.
They told me not to love him! He said he was not true, And bades me have are lost I should do what I might [illegible]

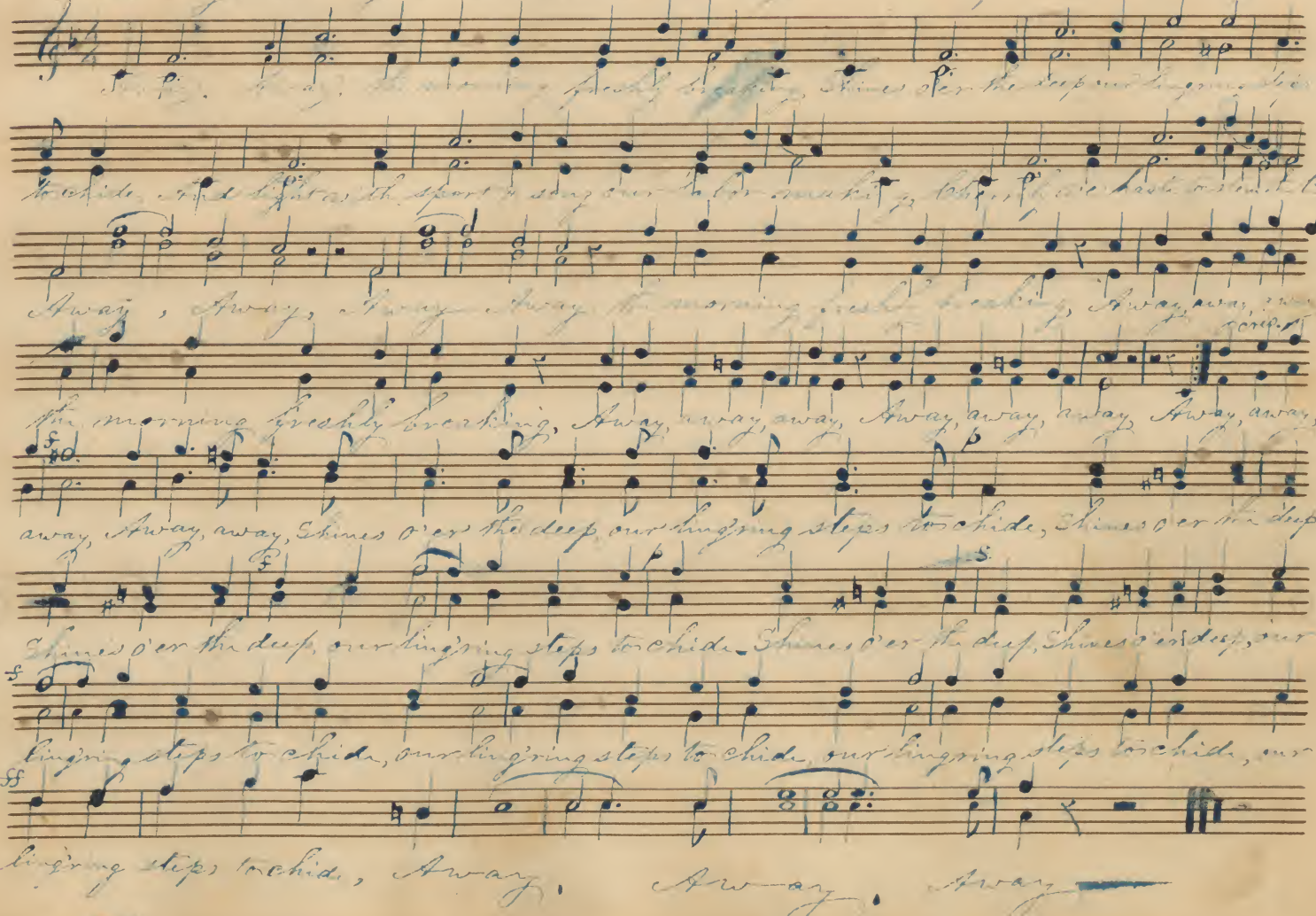
[illegible] Oh! no, I knew it could not be, That one so false as they thought him, Could be so dear to me.
At first [illegible] their warning [illegible] I could not think this be, Concealed [illegible]

* See the remainder of this song, see page 81

# The Banks of the Blue Moselle.



Away, away, the morning freshly breaking —



# The Evening Parting Hymn

Moderato Grazioso — Poet. Dr. G. Mus. Boieldieu

Solo

Bright be our parting, where brightly we've met; Voices of music are choing yet — Tones that we love
Swift speed thy moments of nettly with you, Hours that enjoyment hasting dasth flee. Bright as still ma=

Duett

to hear, Swell on the listening ear, Hark now in accents clear, Singing good night — Good night
tin ie when each fair star on high, Bends brow of quiet sky, looking good night — Good night,

good night, and joy surround you, Good night, good night, The lingering tone that memory loves,
good night; brief be our parting; Good night, good night, In echoing fall of ensiest strain,

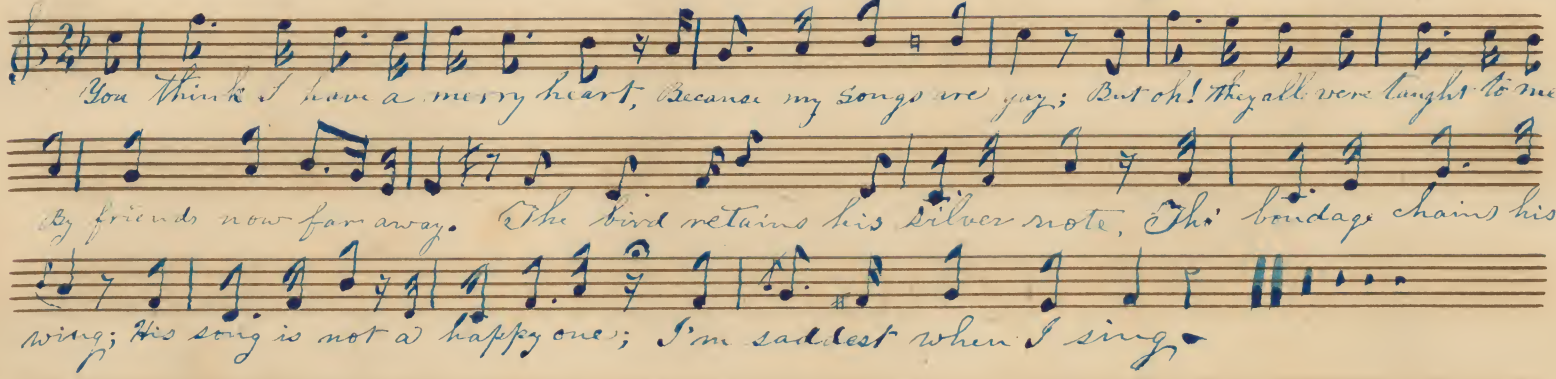
Through your dreams in peace be stealing, All its joys in light revealing. Thro' each field
Breath around her sweetest numbers, Through your soft and gentle slumbers, Till in peace

where fancy roves, Good night, a warm good night — Thro' each field where fancy roves,
we meet again Good night; once more, good night — Till in peace we meet again,

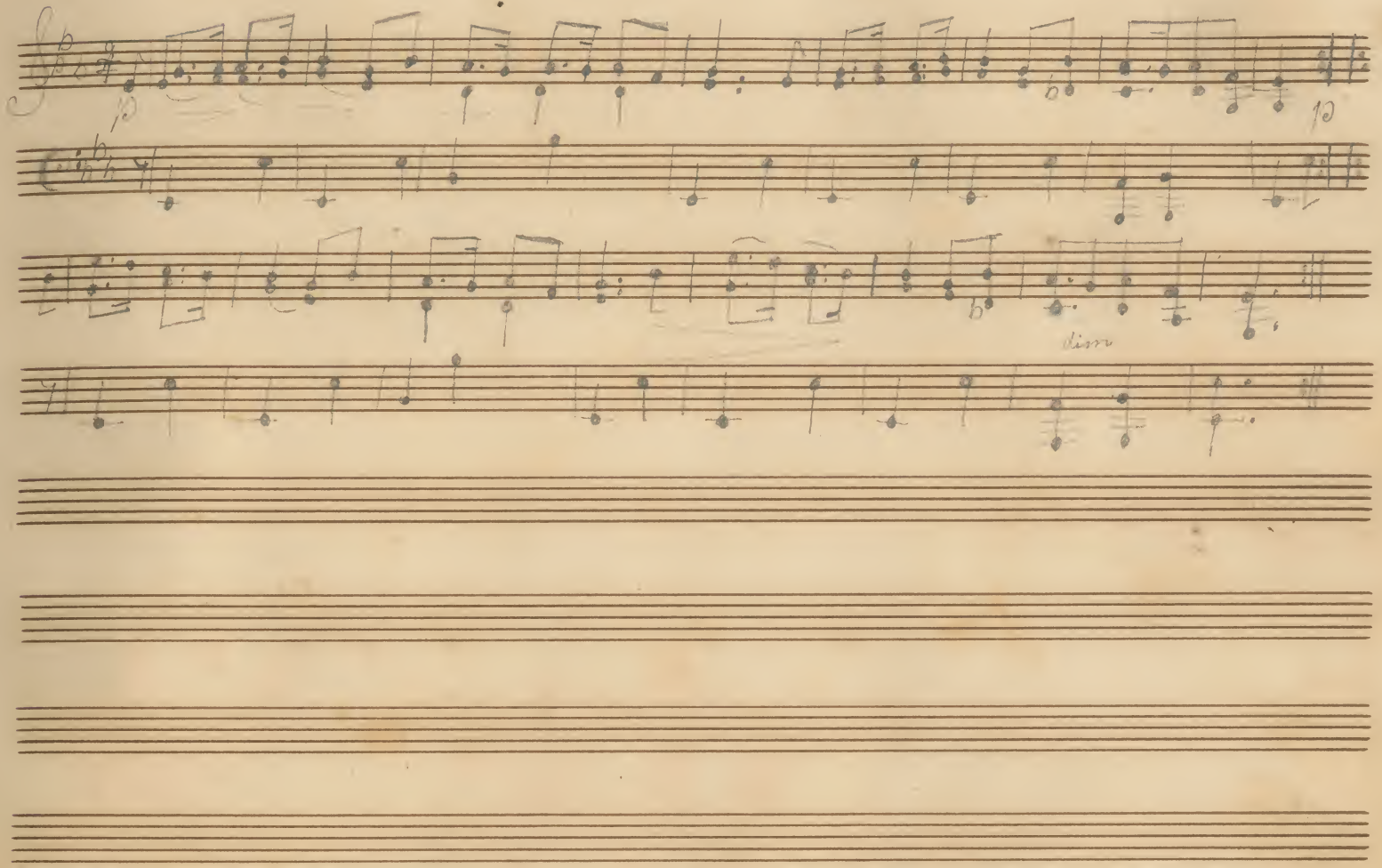
Good night, a warm good night — Good night, good night, and joy surround you, Good night,
Good night, once more good night — Good night, good night, brief be our parting Good night

Good night, The lingering tone that memory loves, Good night, Good night —
good night, Until in peace we meet again, Good night, Good night —

# I'm Saddest when I Sing

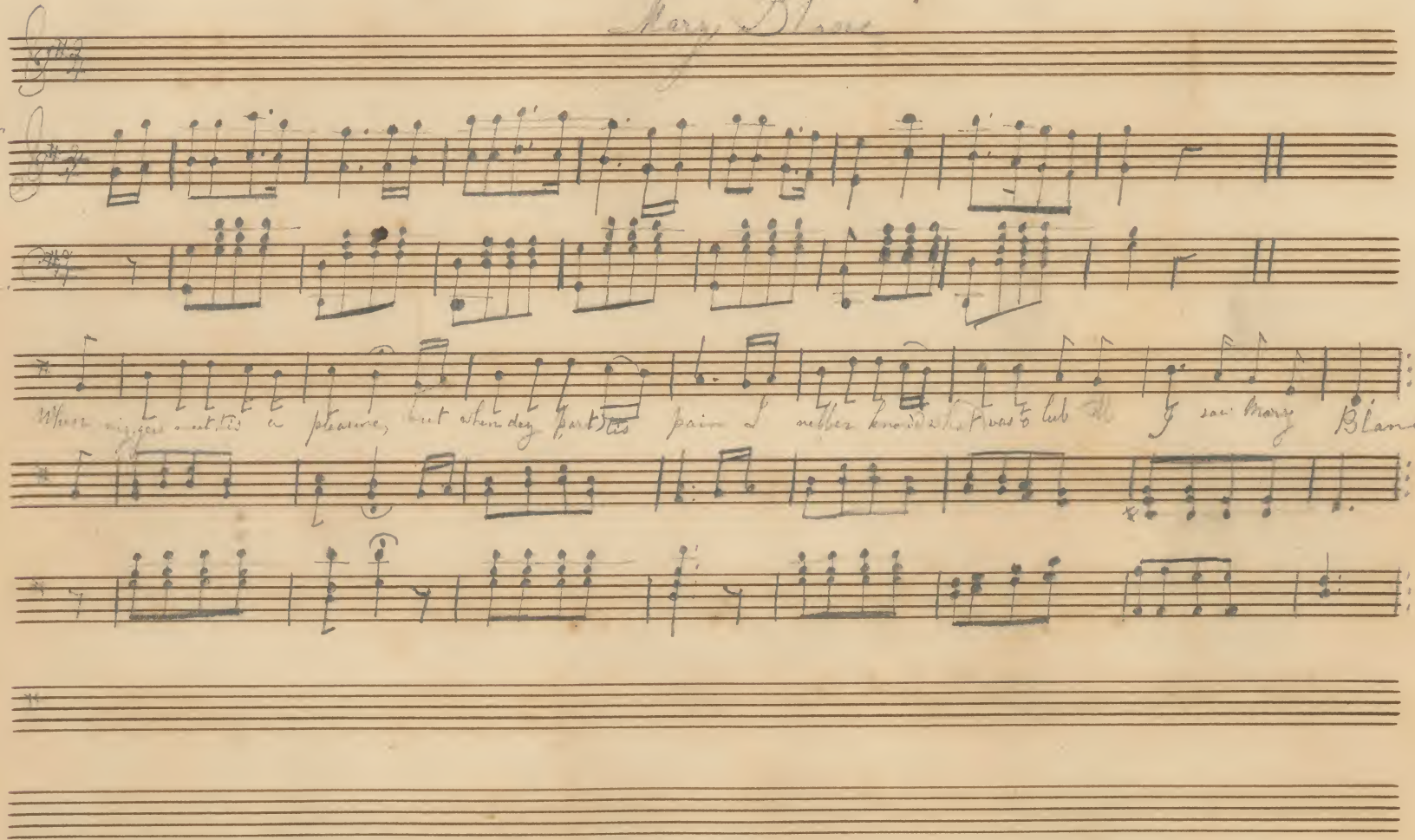


# "Home Sweet Home"



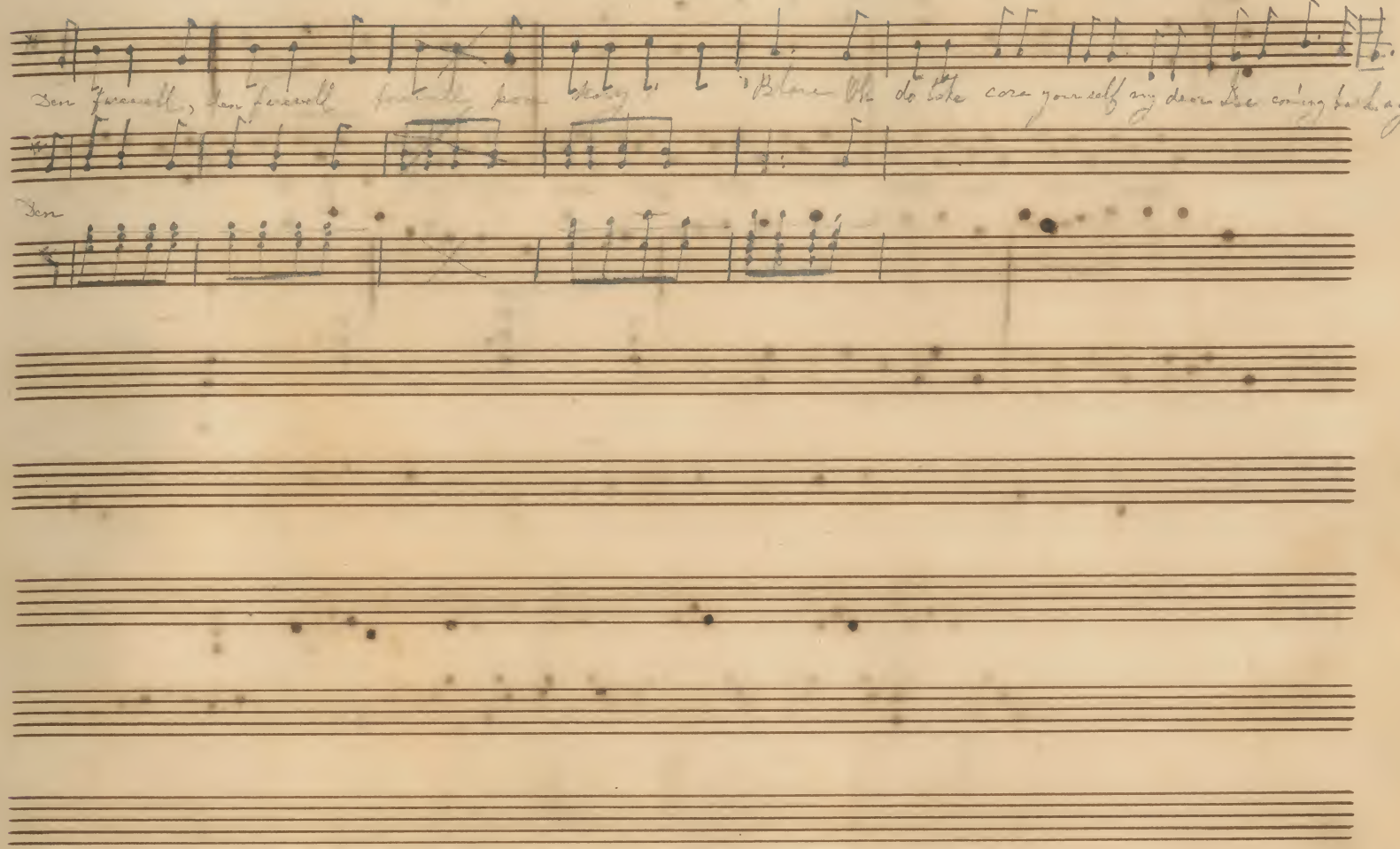
# Mary Blane

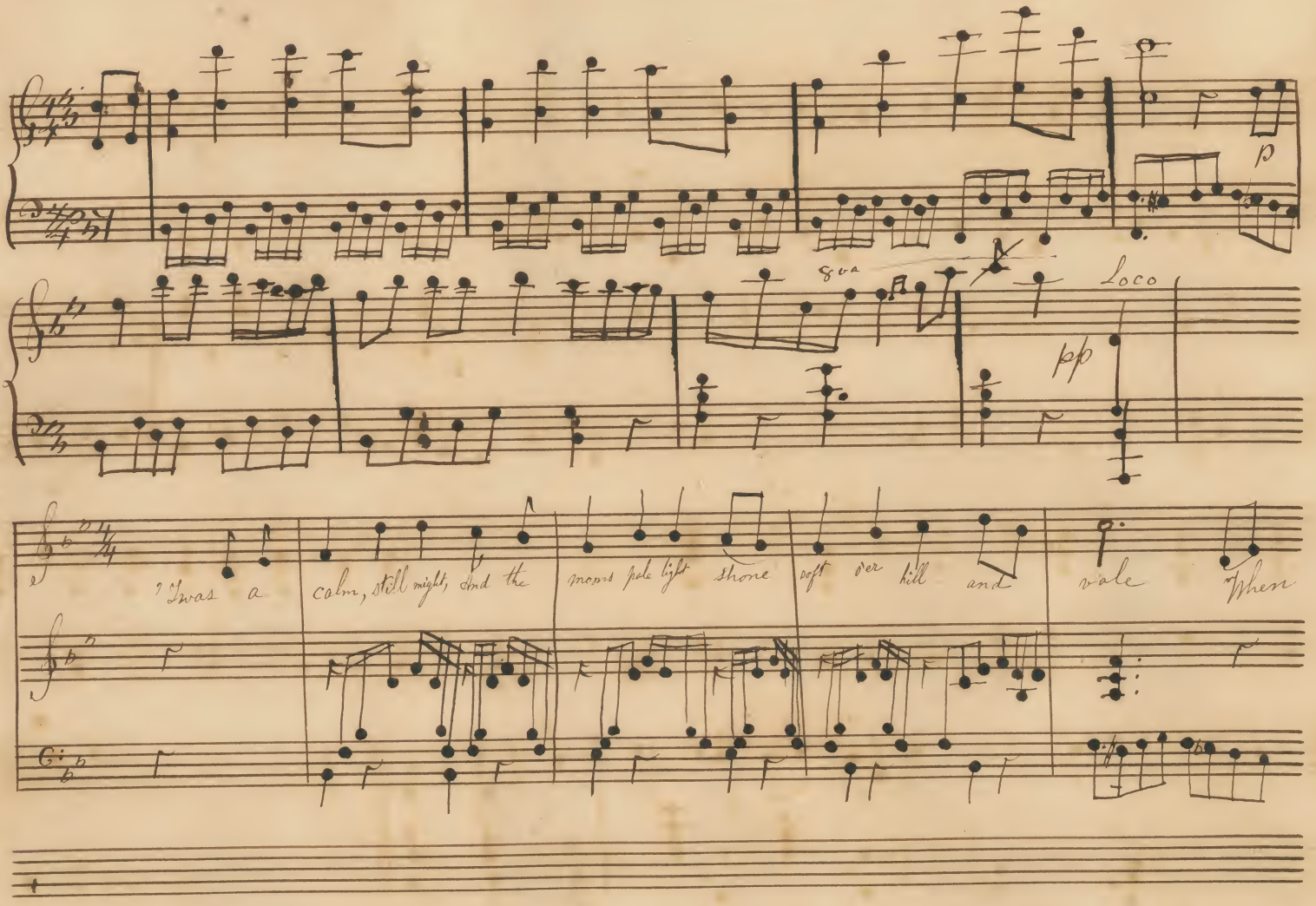
Where niggers meet tis a pleasure, but when dey part tis pain I neber knowd what was to lub till I saw Mary Blane

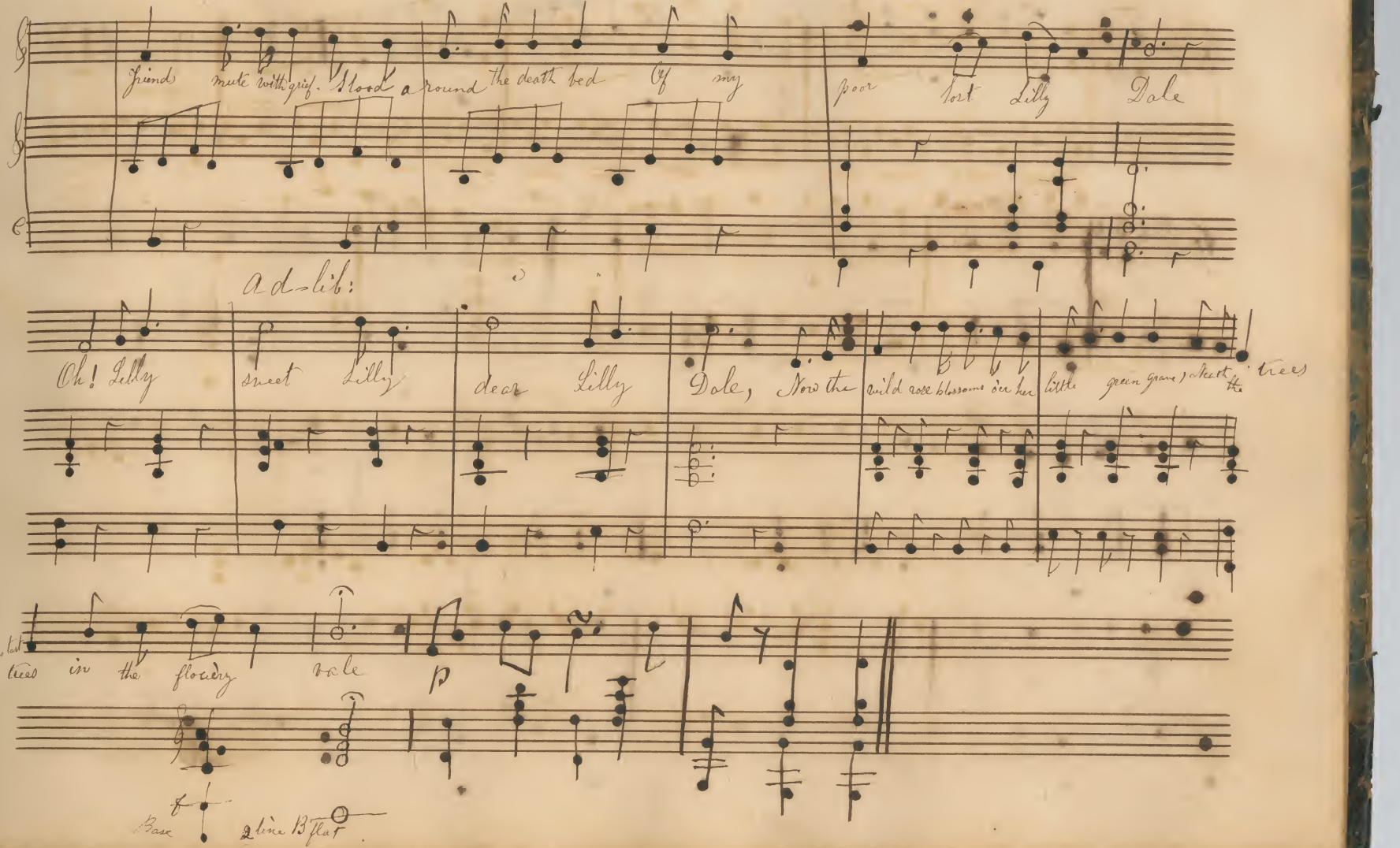


Den farewell, den farewell [illegible] [illegible] Blanc Oh do take care yourself my dear Dee coming back again

Den

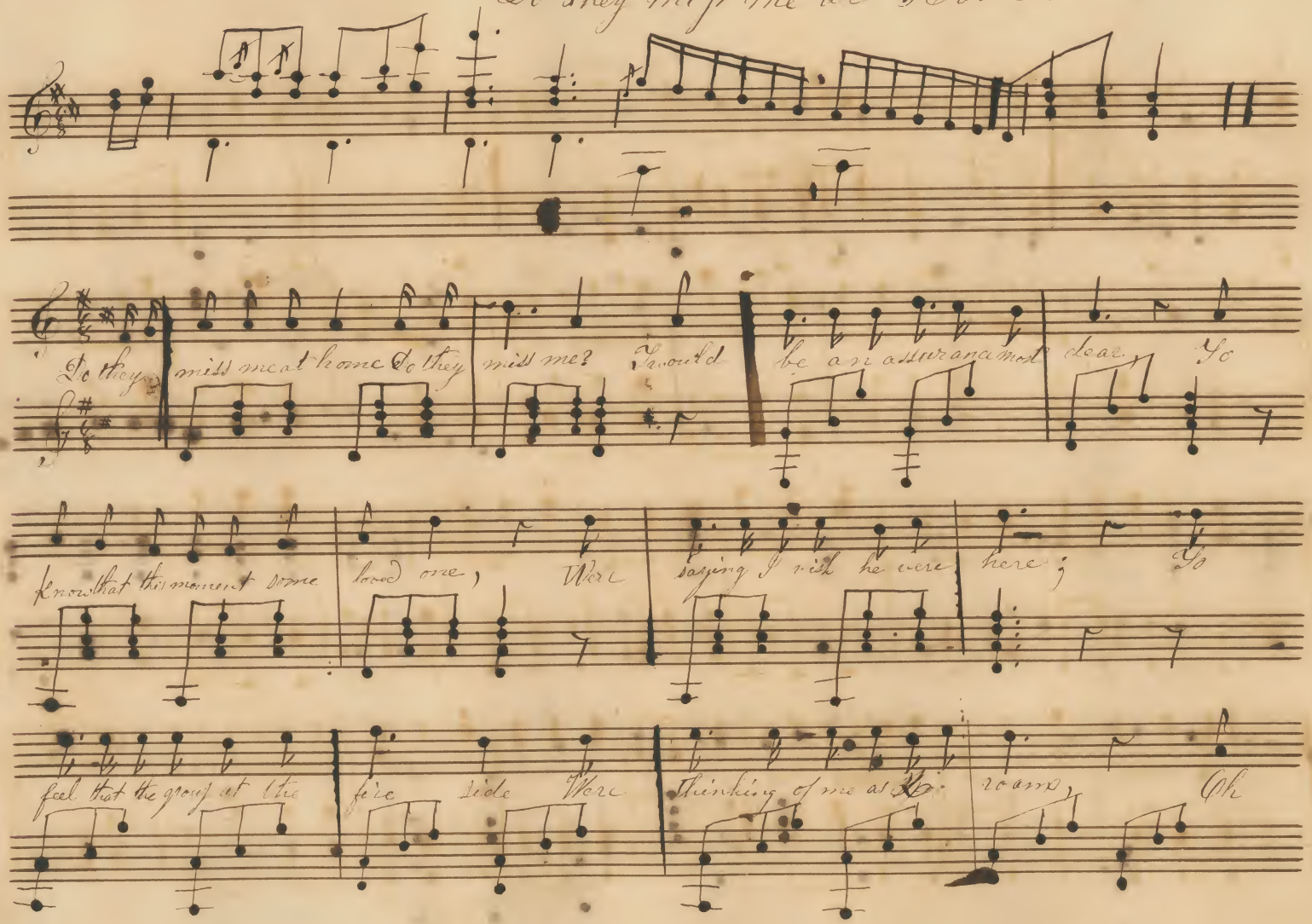



p
8va
loco
pp
'Twas a calm, still night, and the moon pale light shone soft o'er hill and vale When

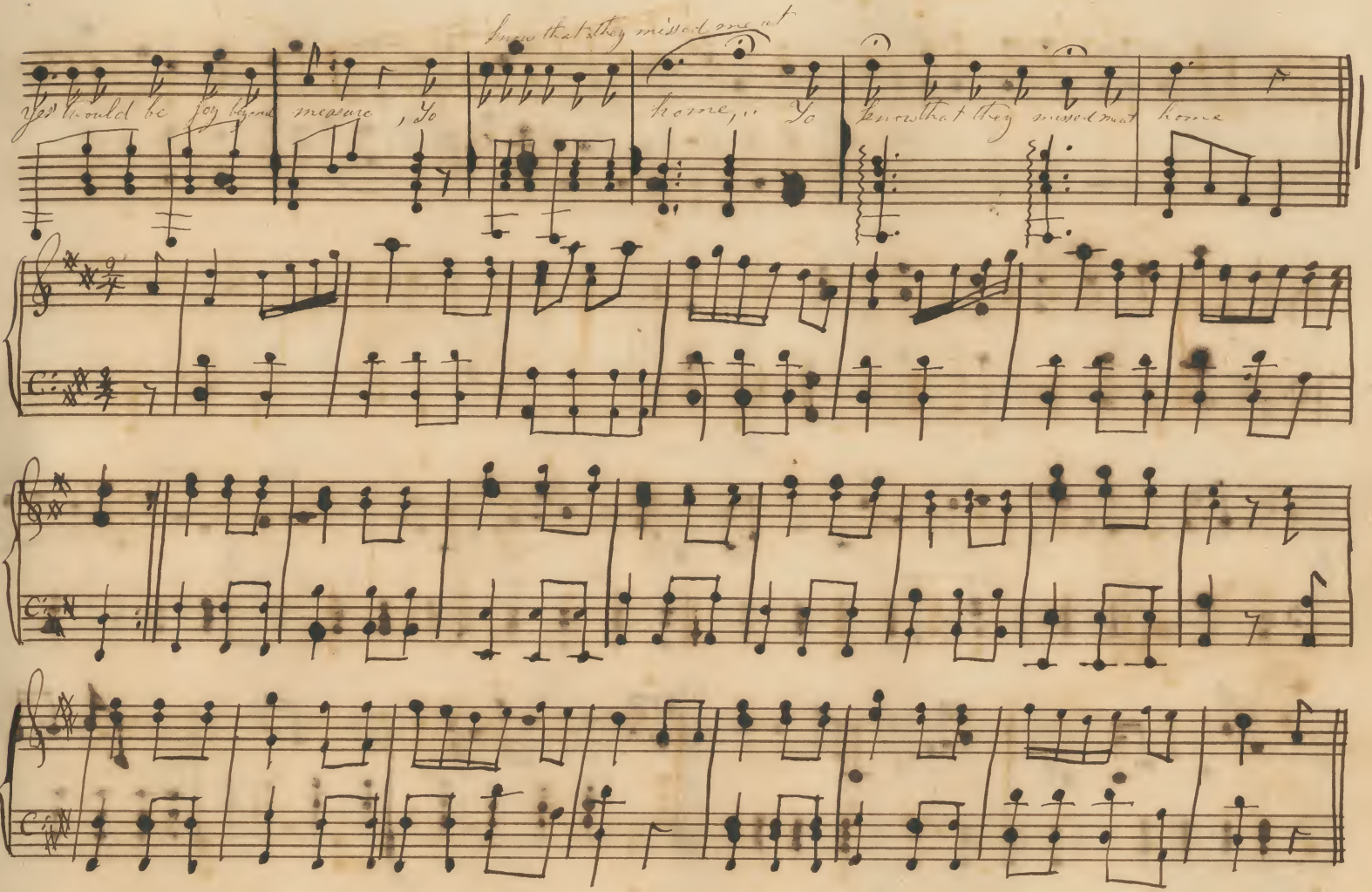

Friends mute with grief. Stood a round the death bed Of my poor lost Lilly Dale
Ad-lib:
Oh! Lilly sweet Lilly dear Lilly Dale, Now the wild rose blossoms o'er her little green grave, Neath the trees
same as last
trees in the flowery vale
p
Base
2 line B flat

# Do They Miss Me at Home

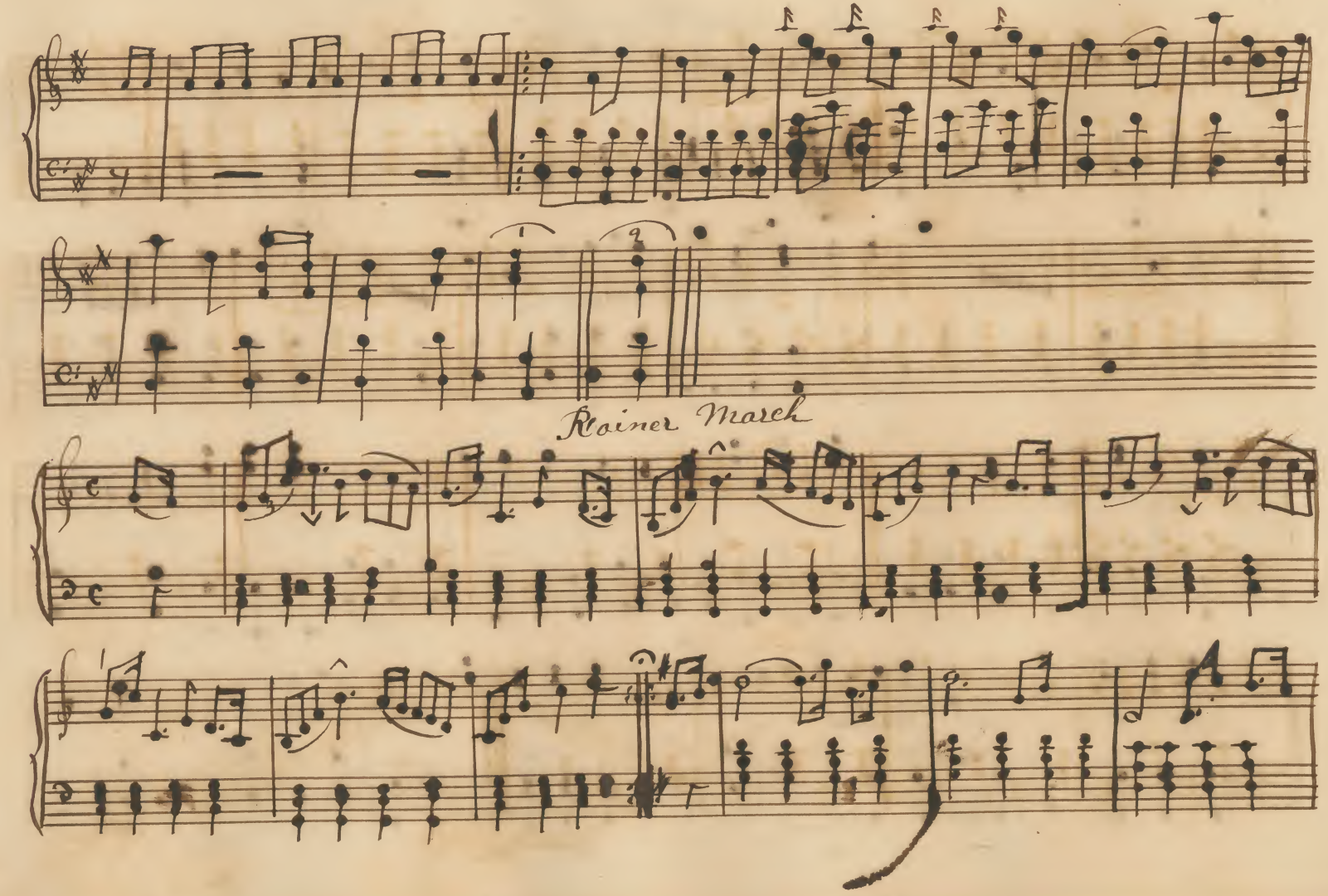
Guitar



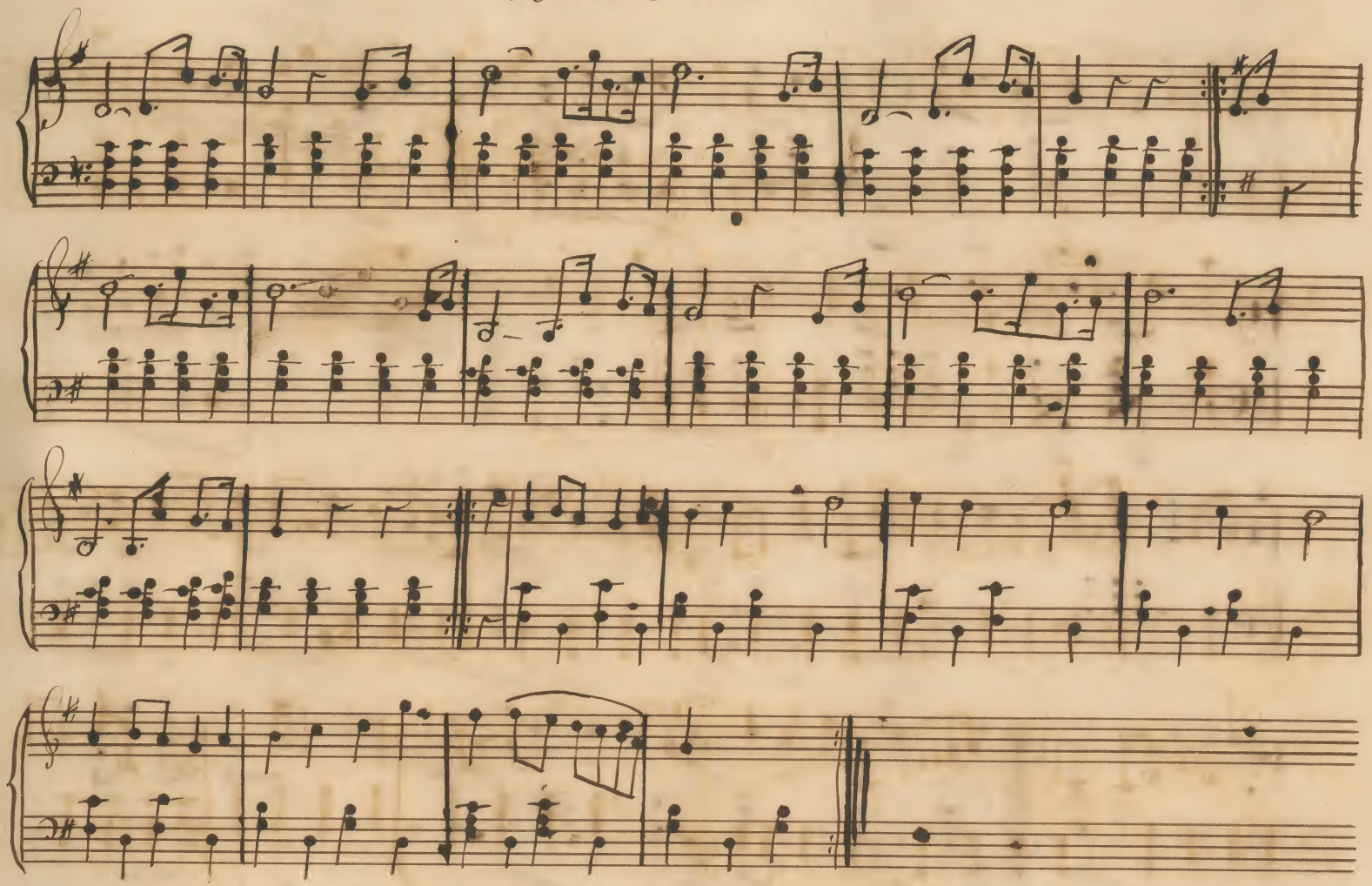
Mountain and Chorus



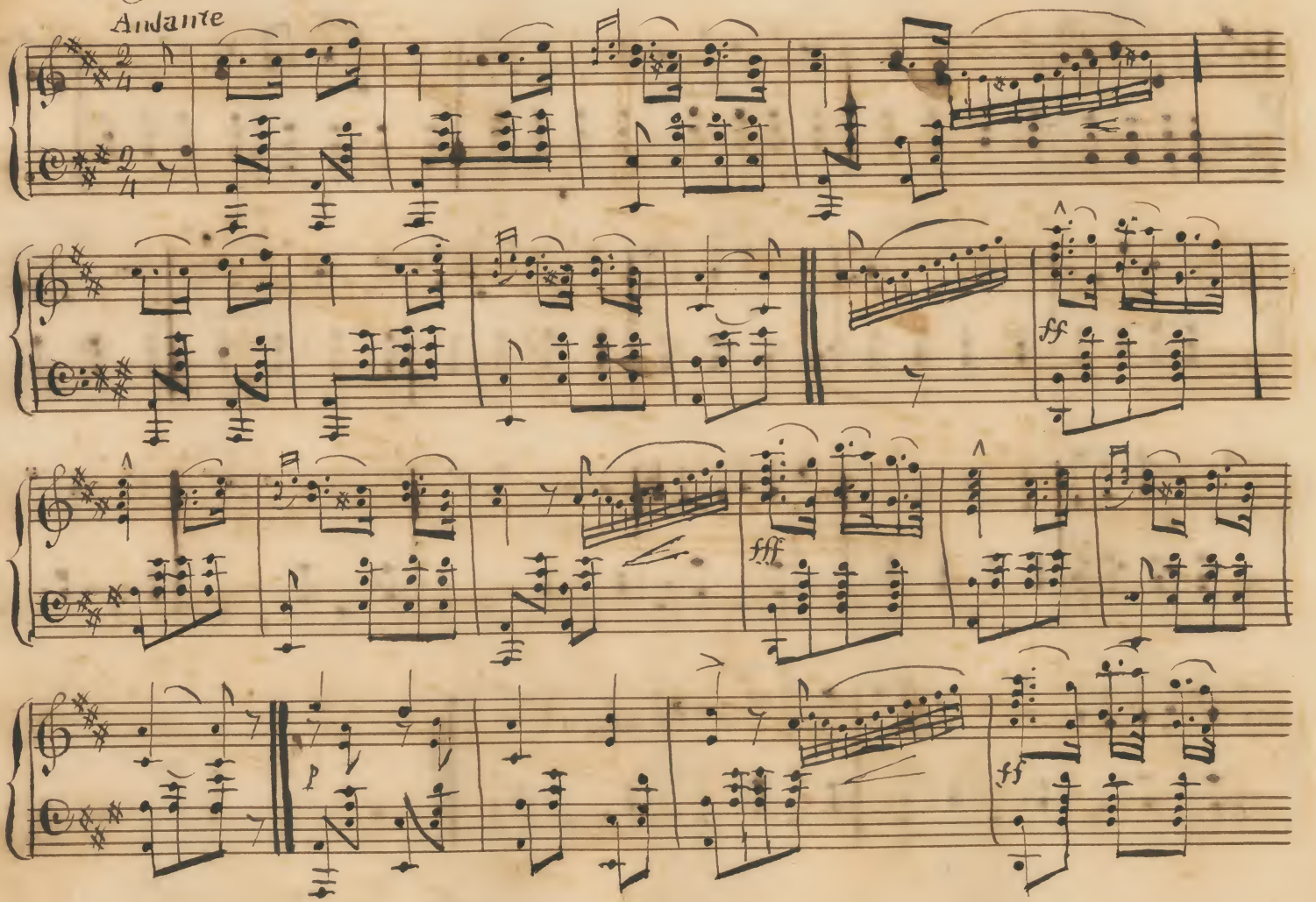
Continuous & concluded

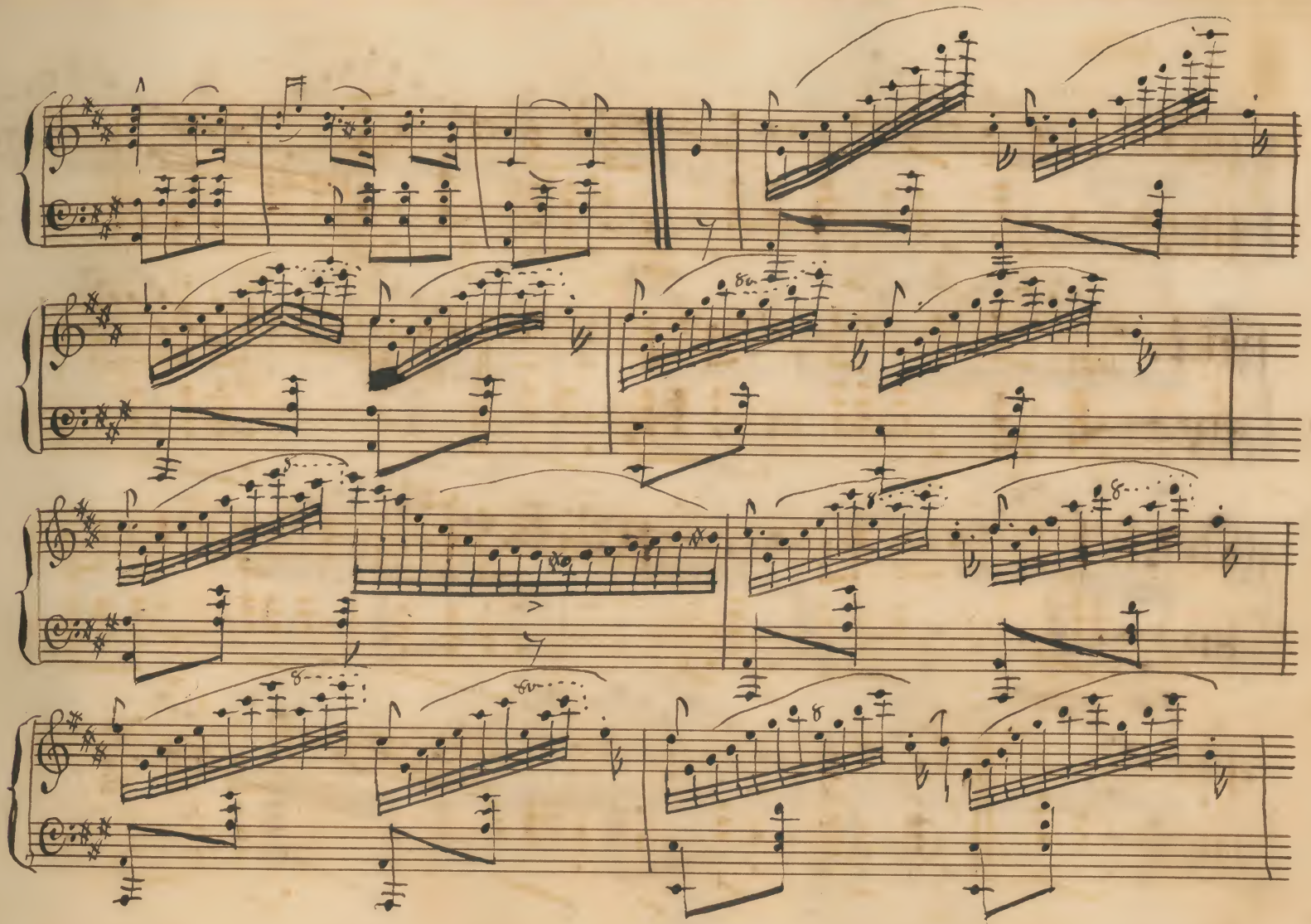

Rainer March

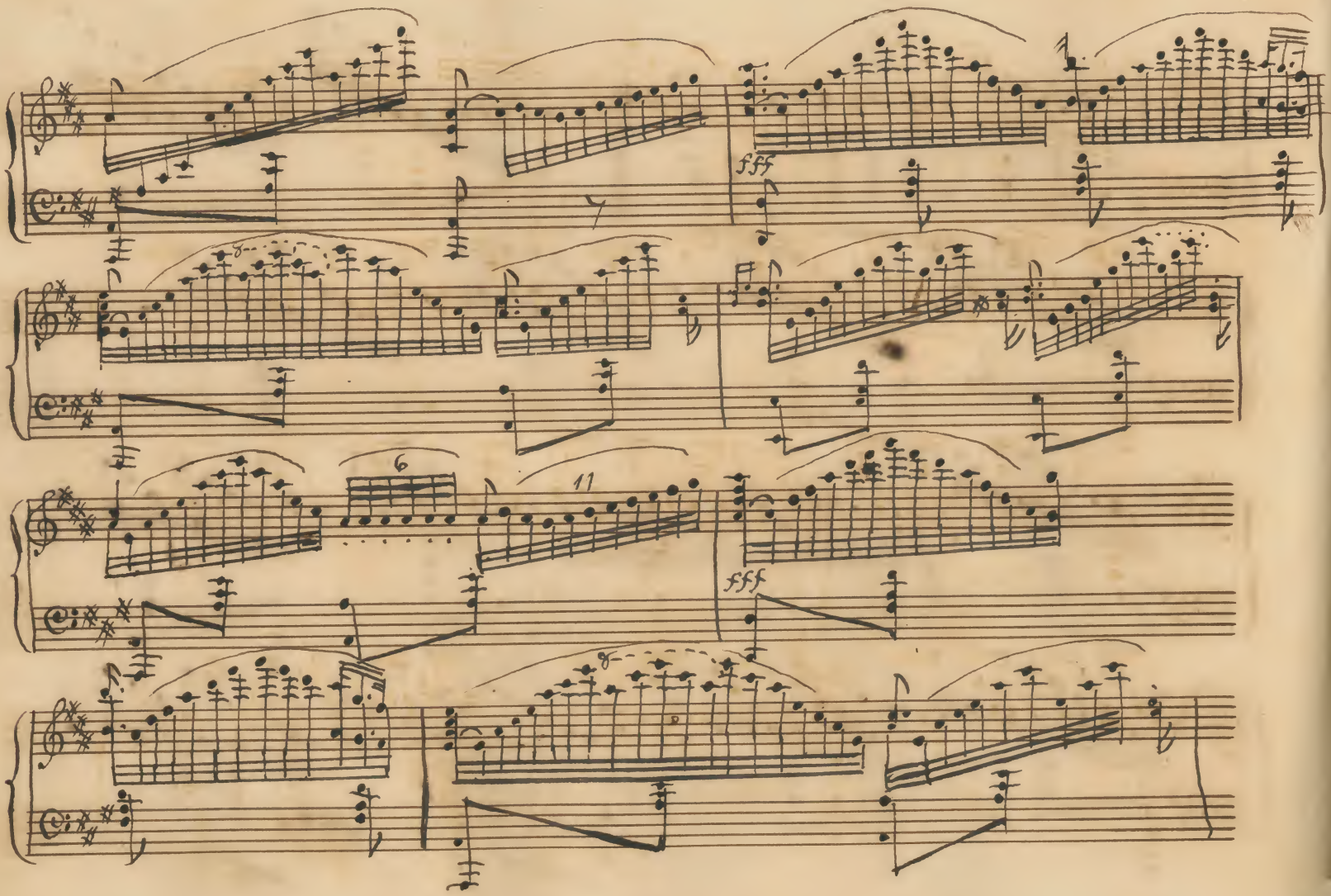
Rainer March concluded



# Fantasia sur la Thema Home Sweet Home



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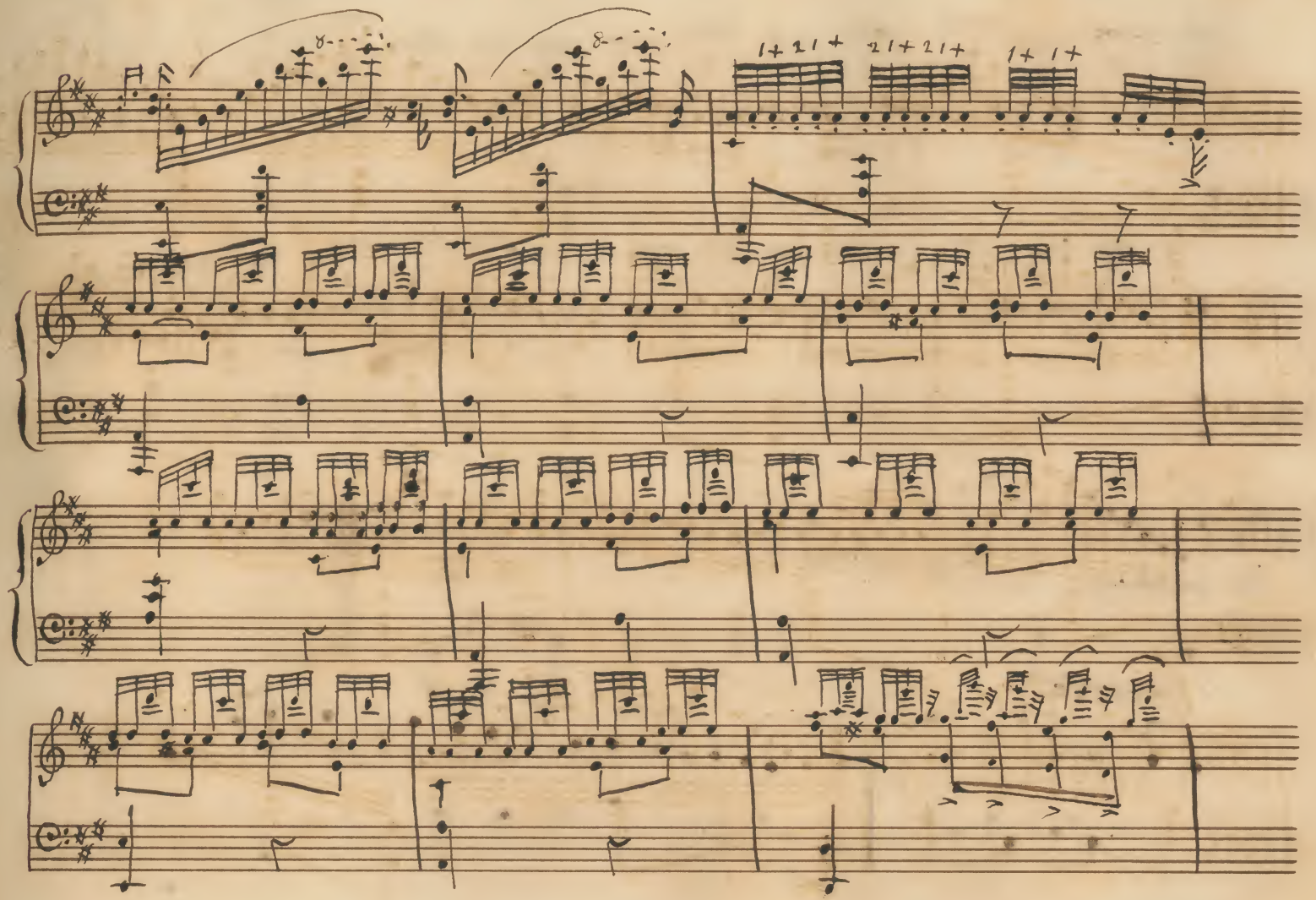
fff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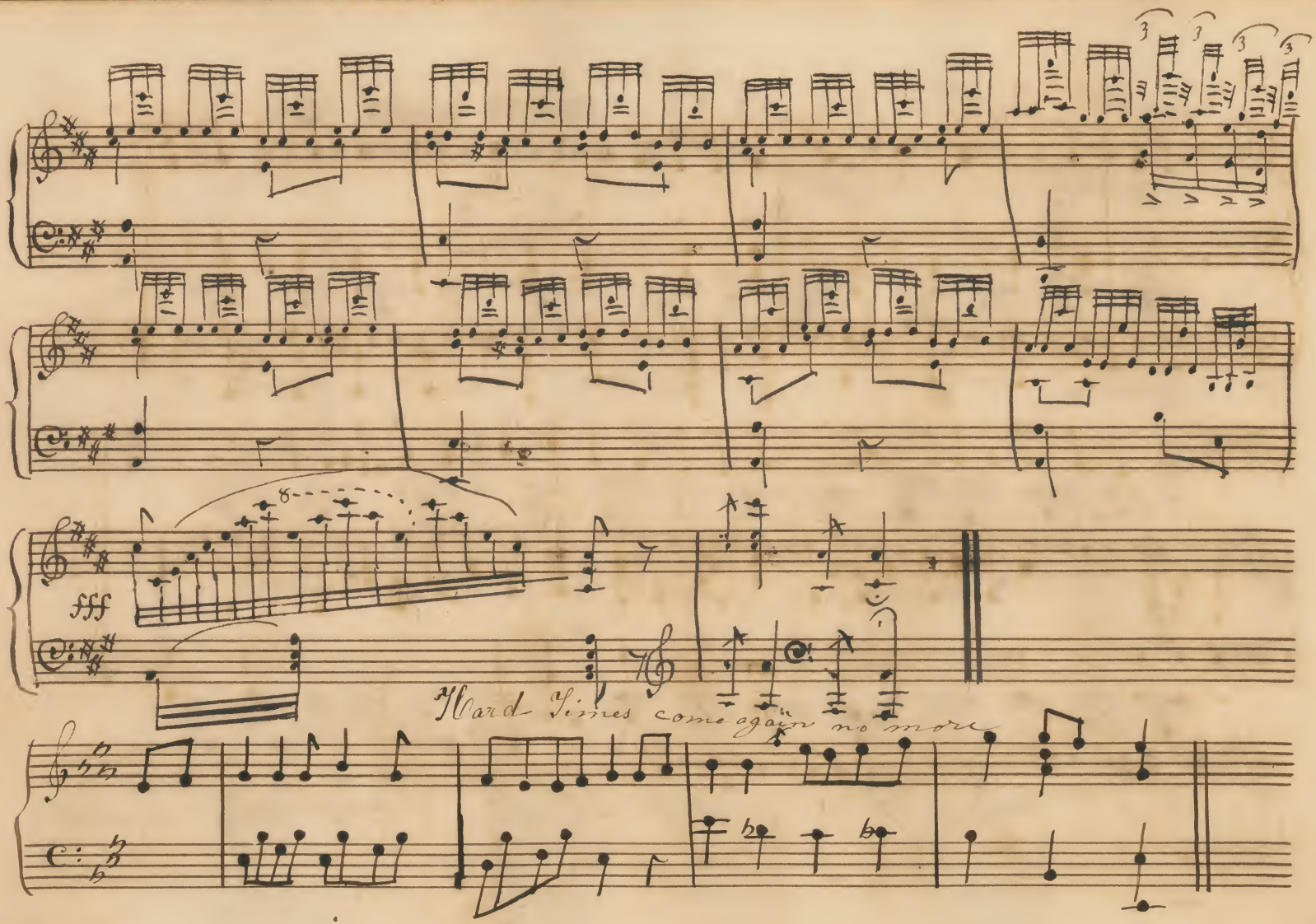
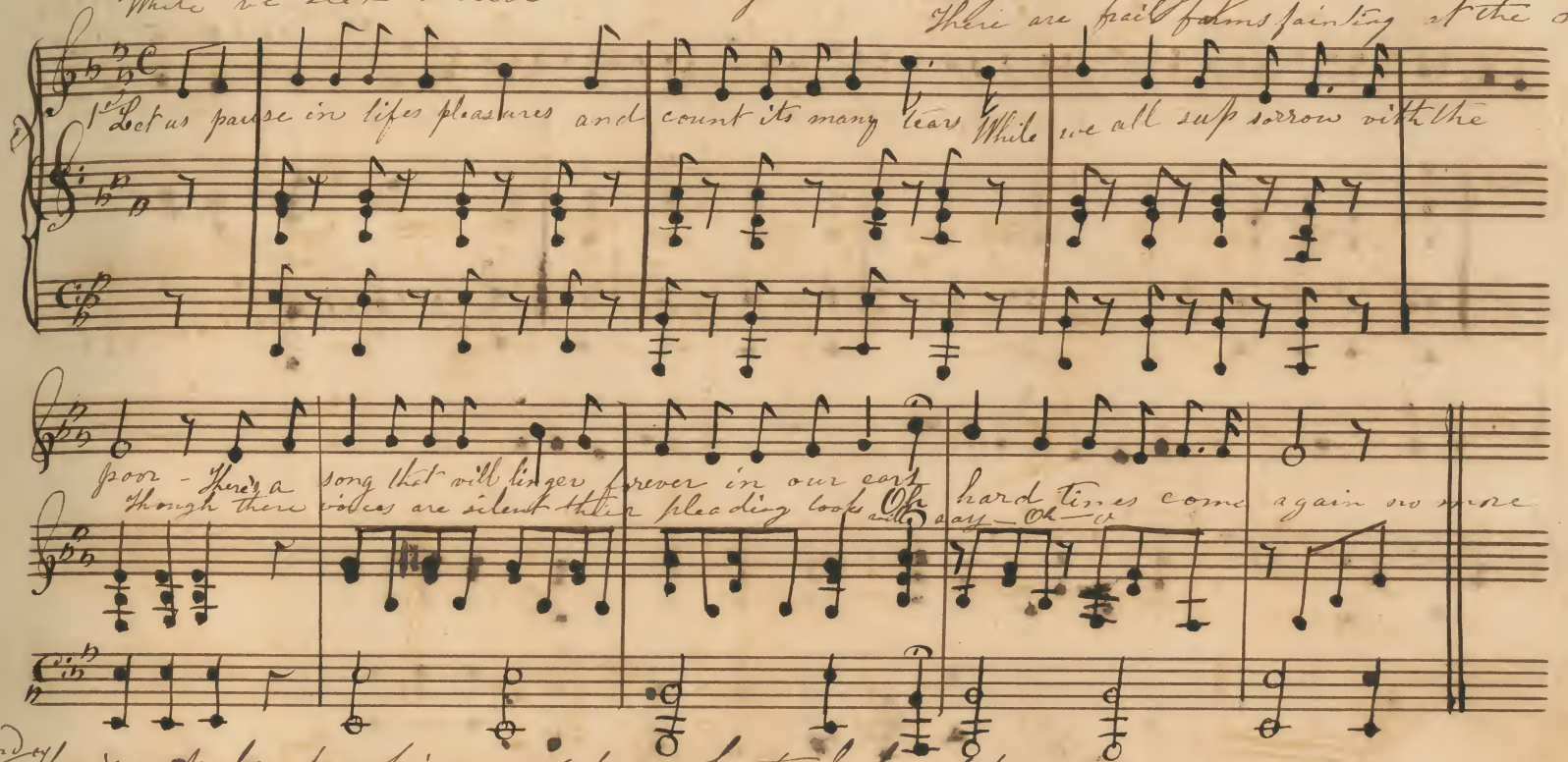
8
1+ 2 1+
2 1+ 2 1+
1+ 1+

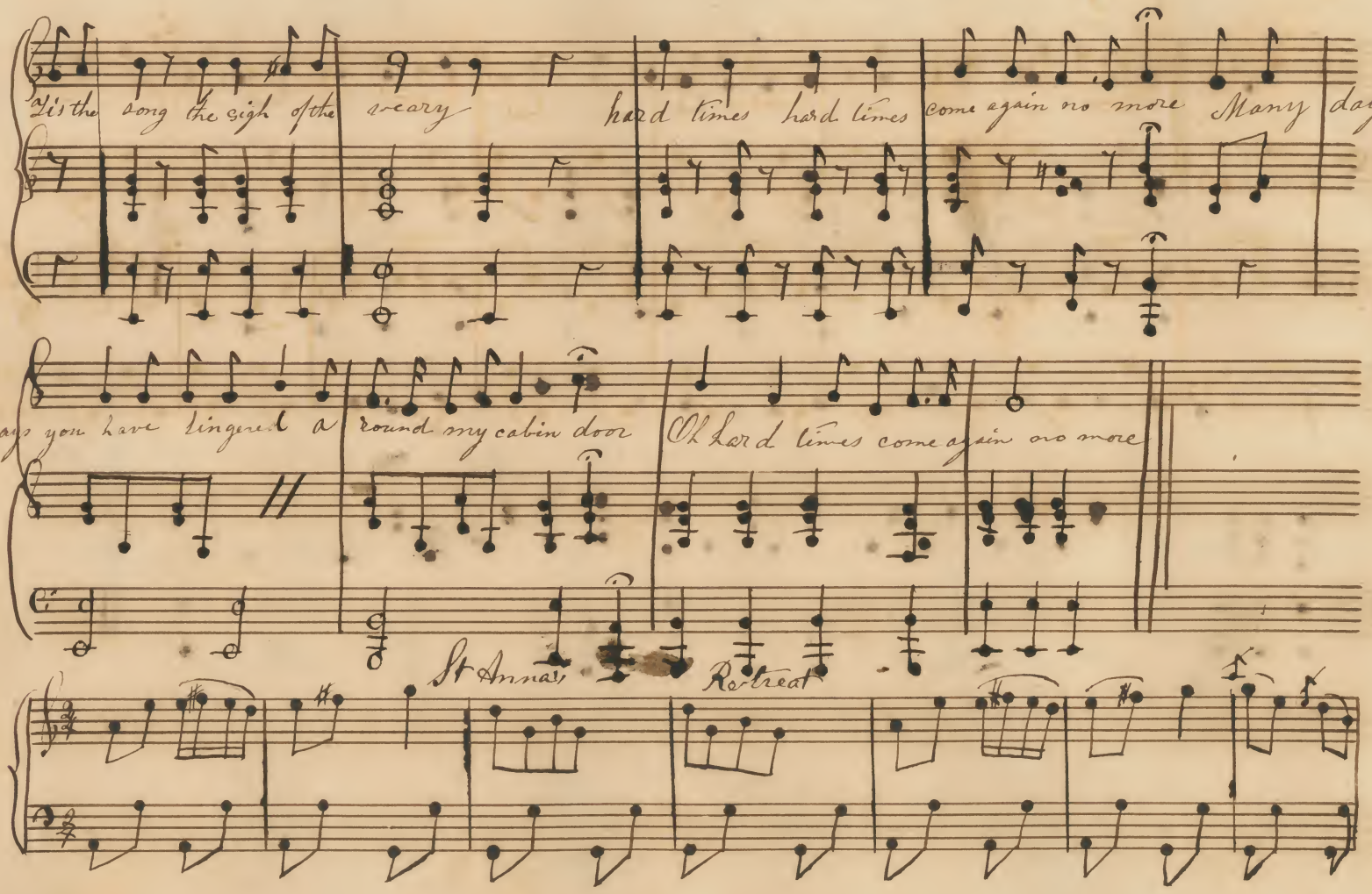

fff
Hard Times come again no more

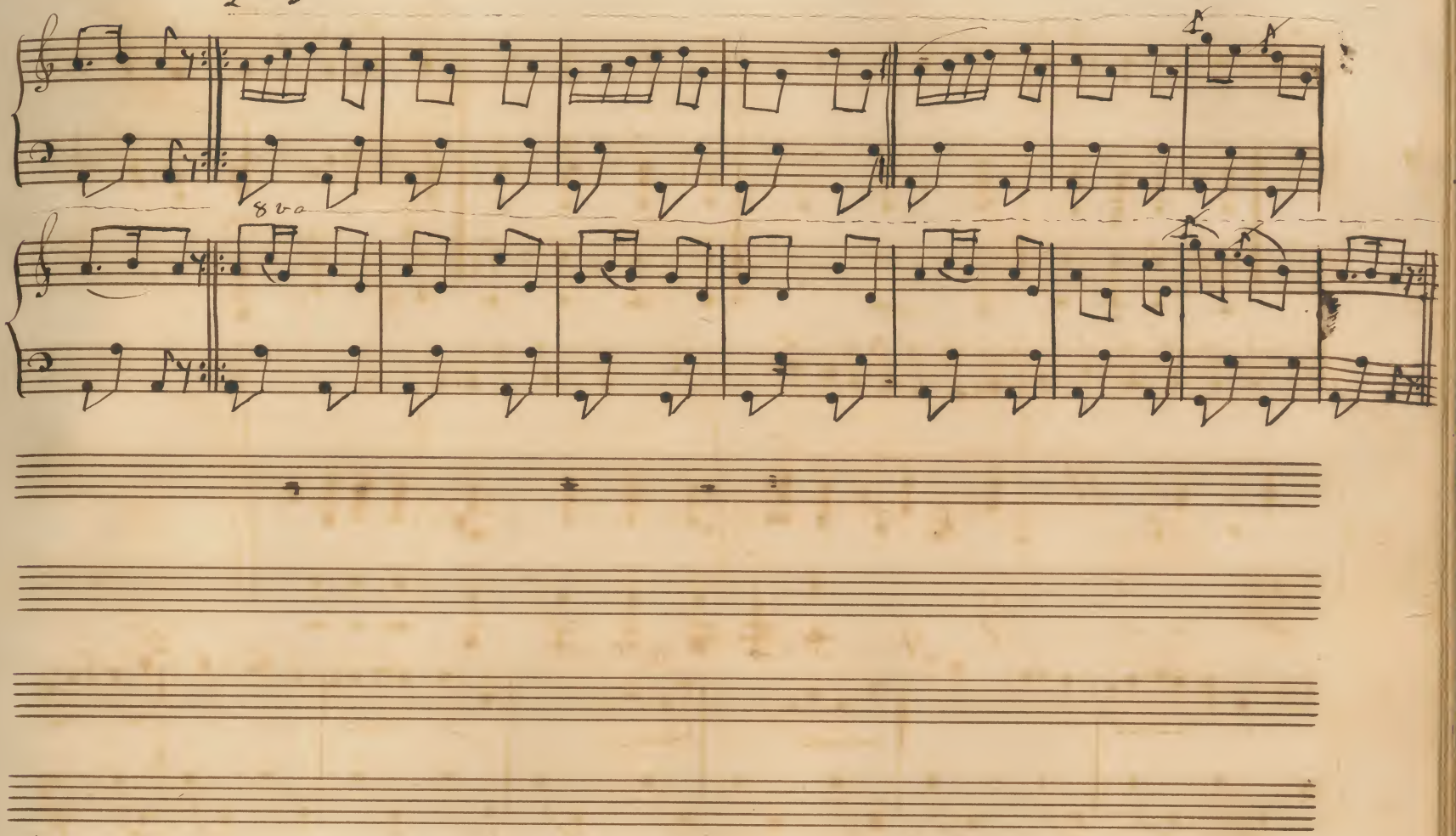
2nd While we seek mirth and beauty & music light and gay
There are fair forms painting at the door



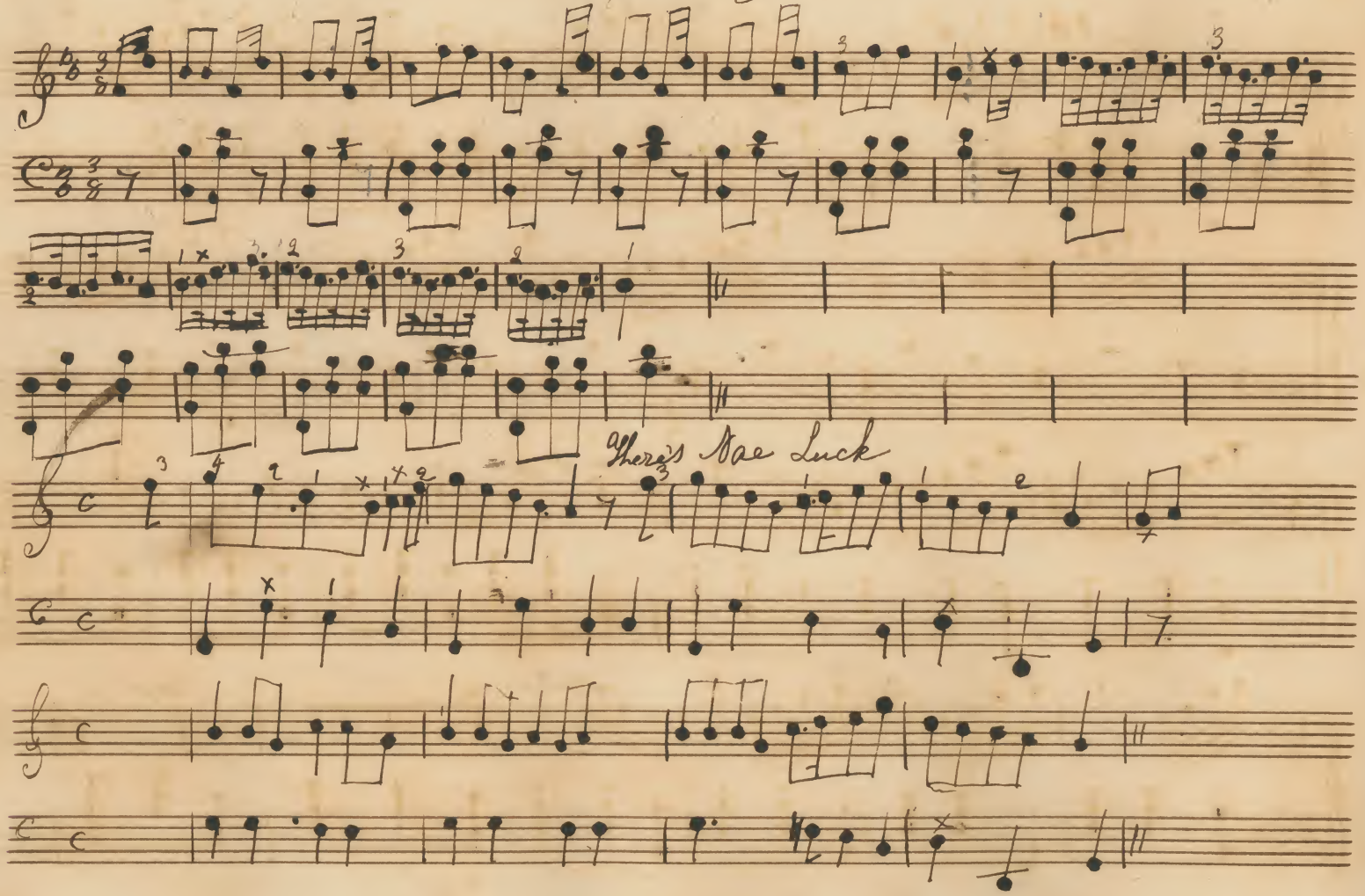

3rd There's a pale drooping maiden who toils her life away
With a worn heart whose better days are o'er
Though her voice would be merry 'tis sighing all the day — chorus

4 'Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave
'Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore
'Tis a dirge that is murmured around the lowly grave
Oh — hard times come again no more

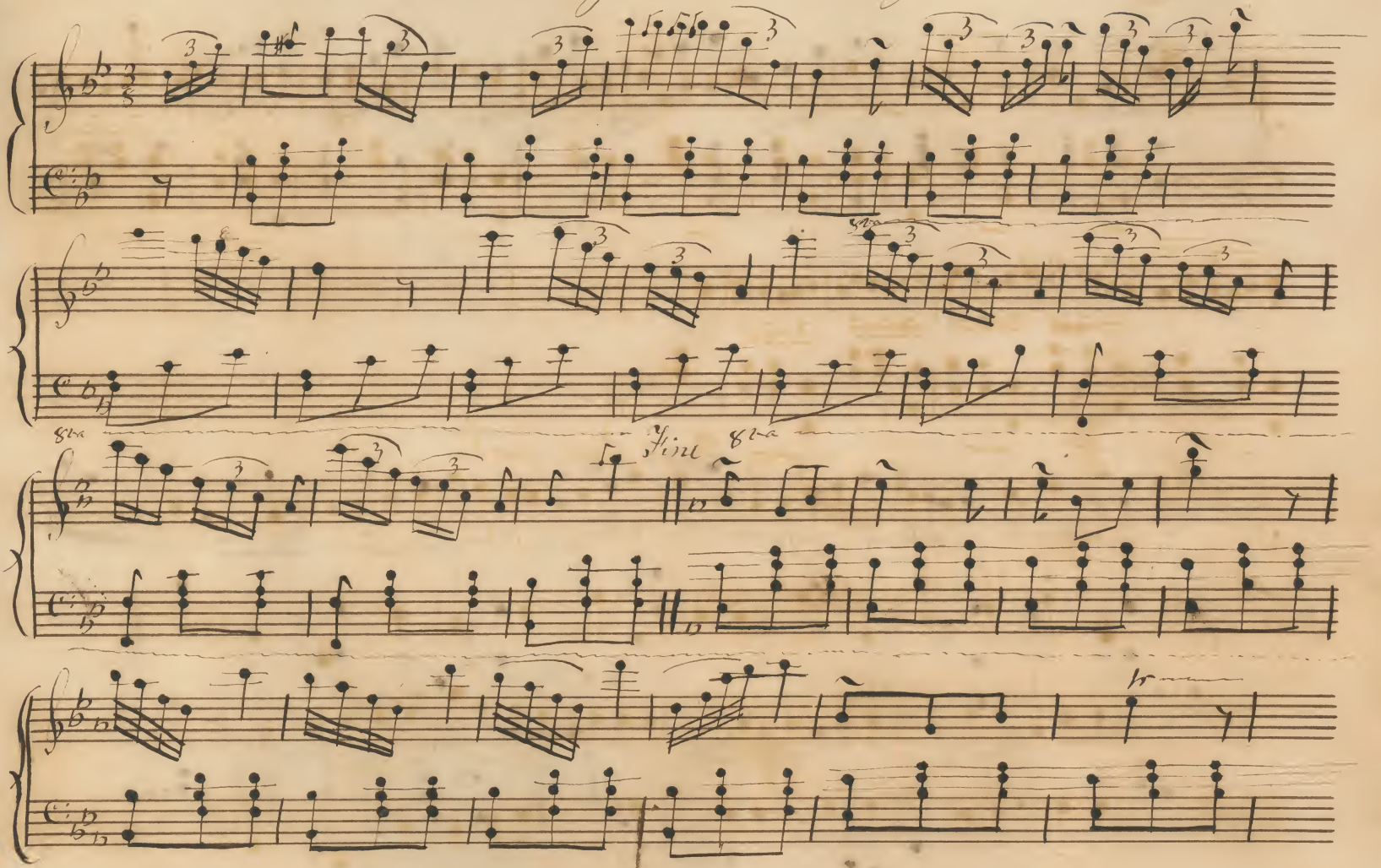

'Tis the song the sigh of the weary
hard times hard times
come again no more Many days
days you have lingered a round my cabin door
Oh hard times come again no more
St Annas Retreat

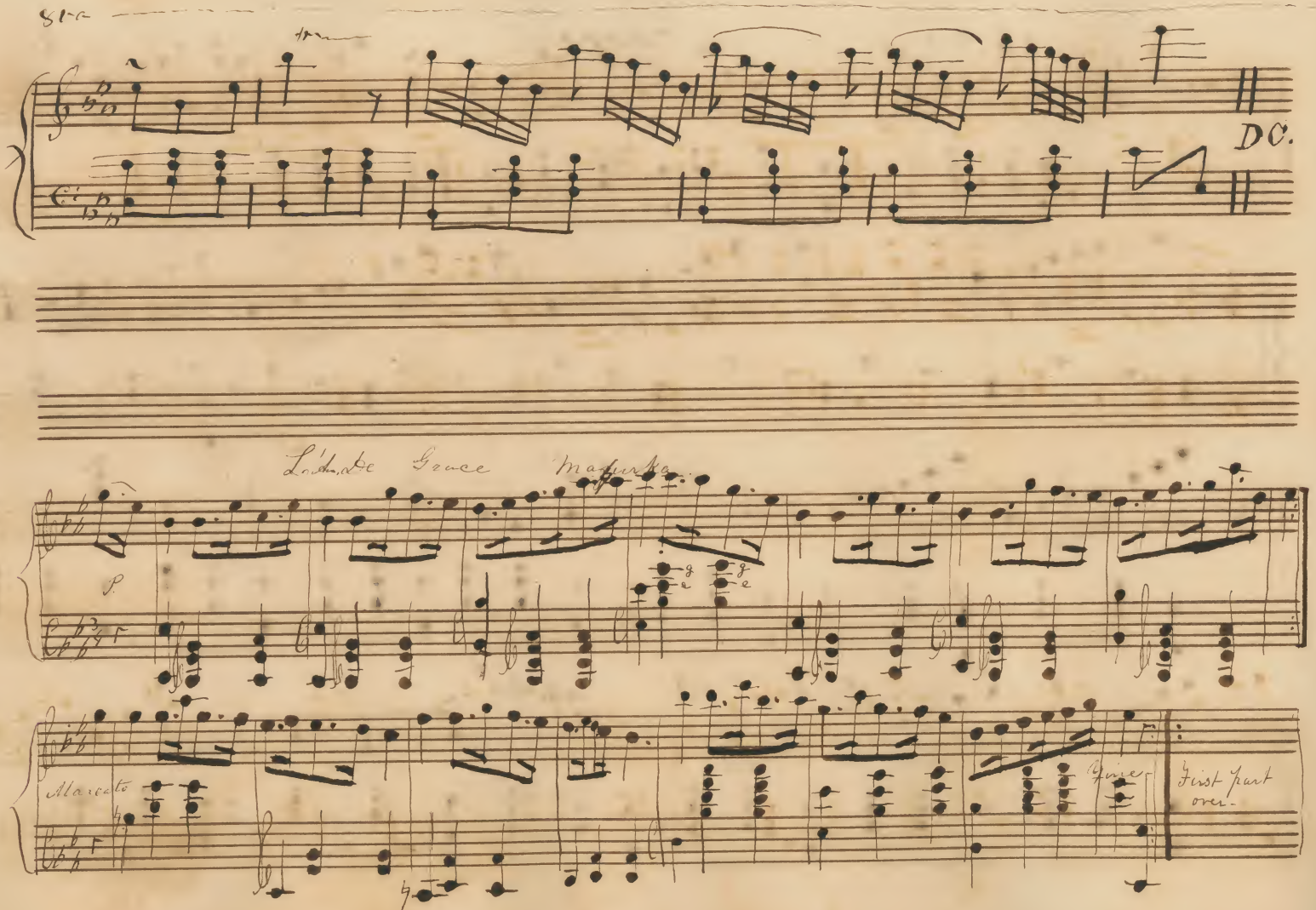

2nd & 3 – times 8va
8va

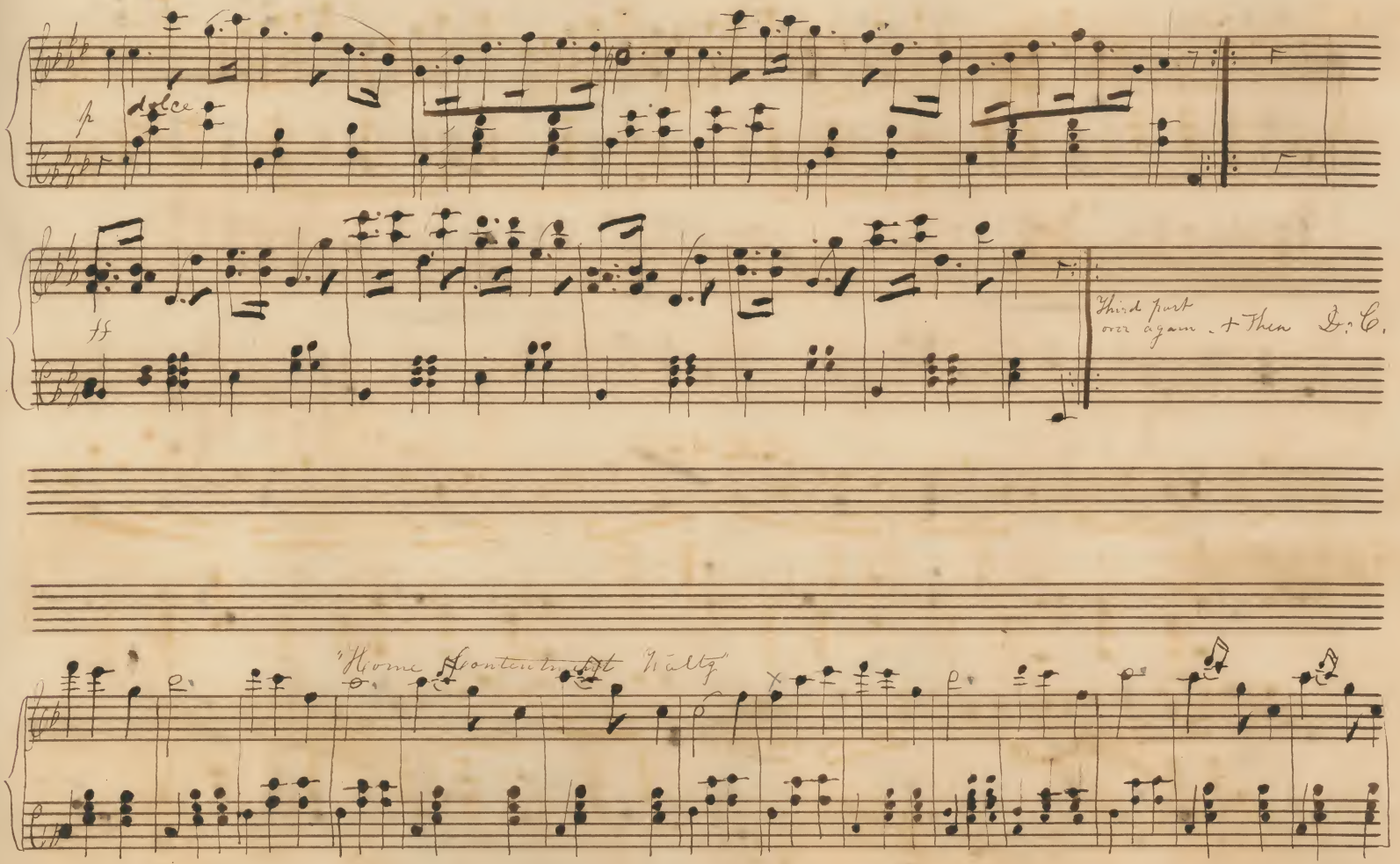
## Swiss Waltz

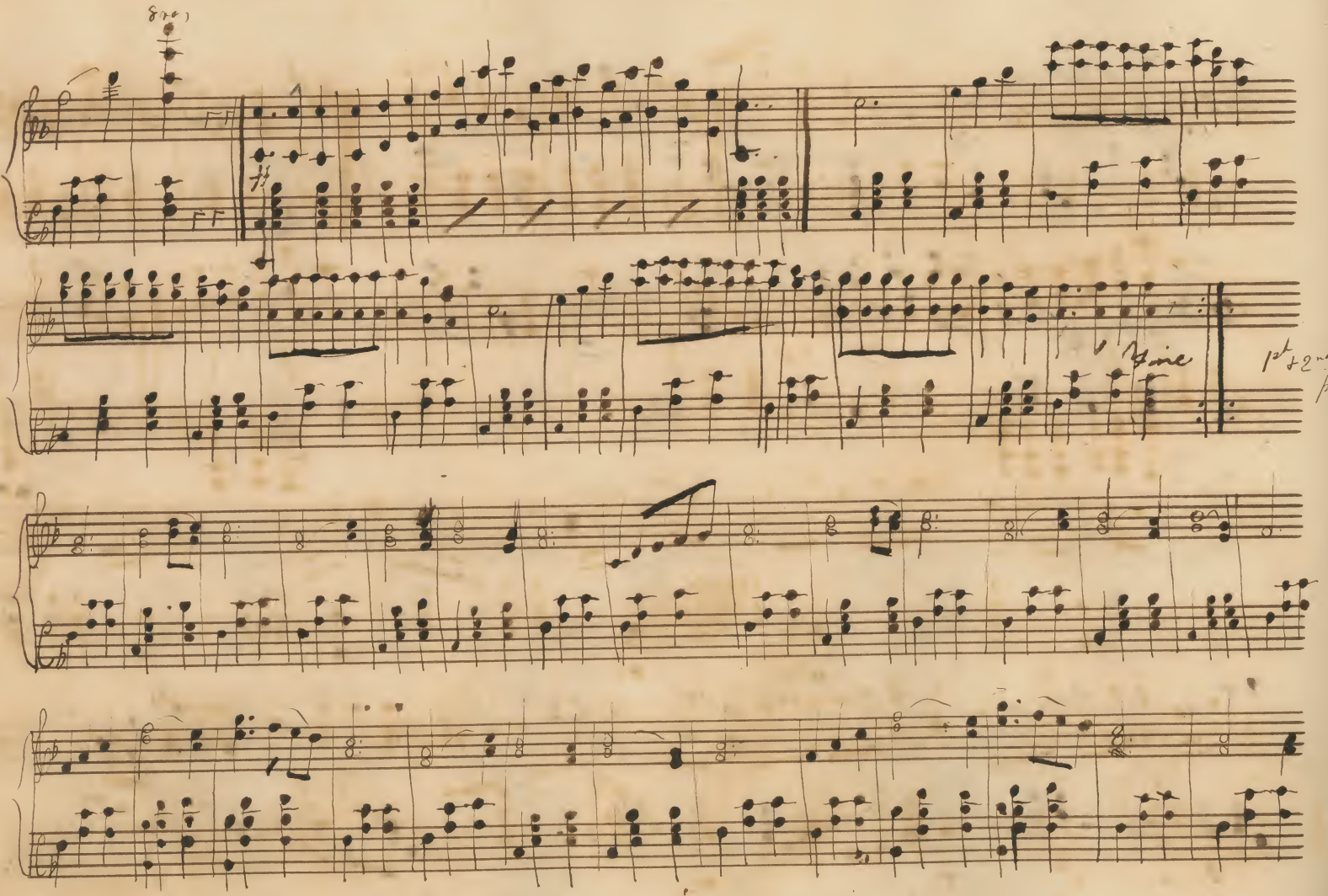


# Mocking Bird Waltz

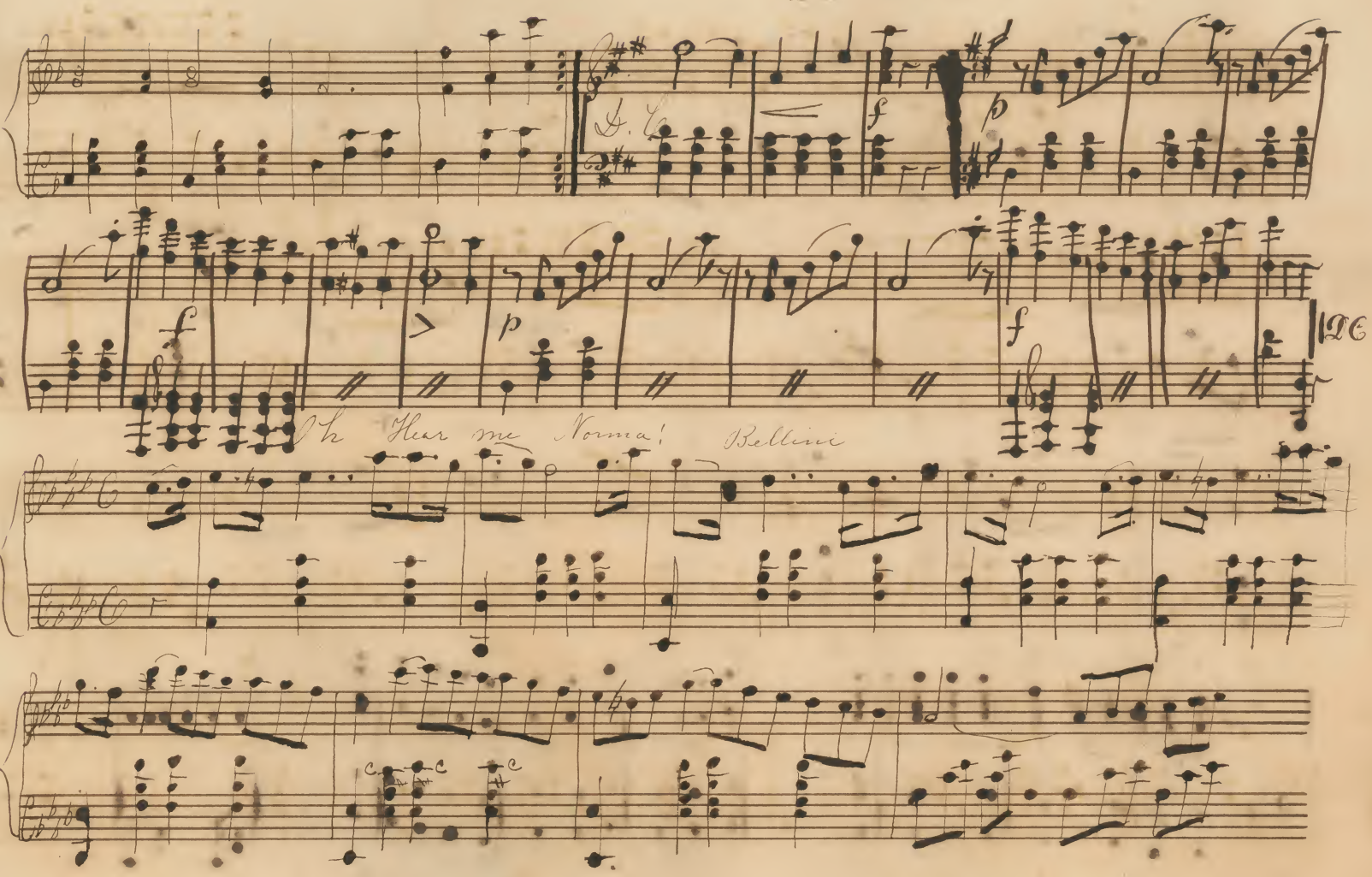


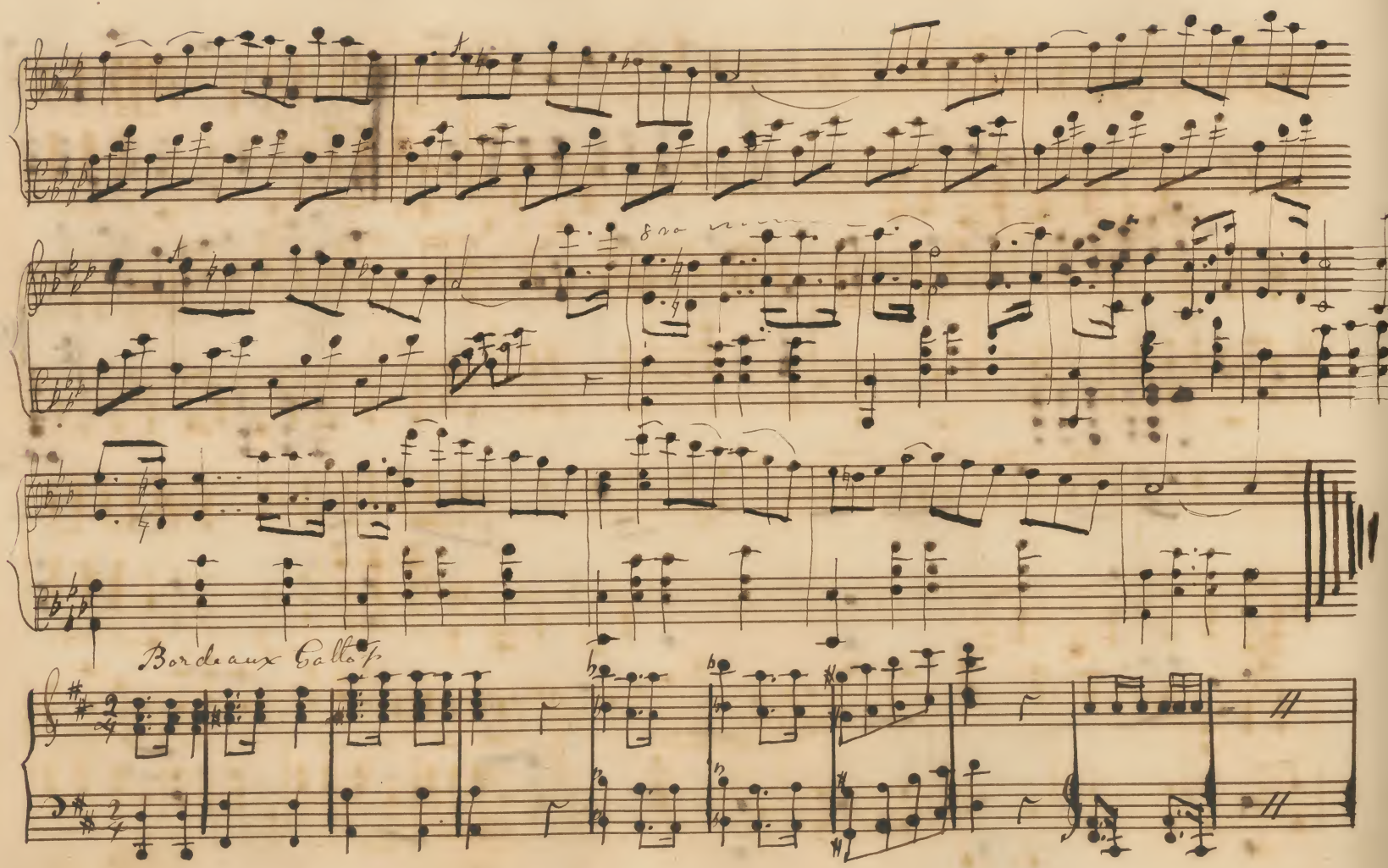

8va
DC.
L'Ad. De Grace Mazurka
p
Marcato
Fine
First part over.


p dolce
ff
Third part over again + Then D. C.
"Home Sweet Home"

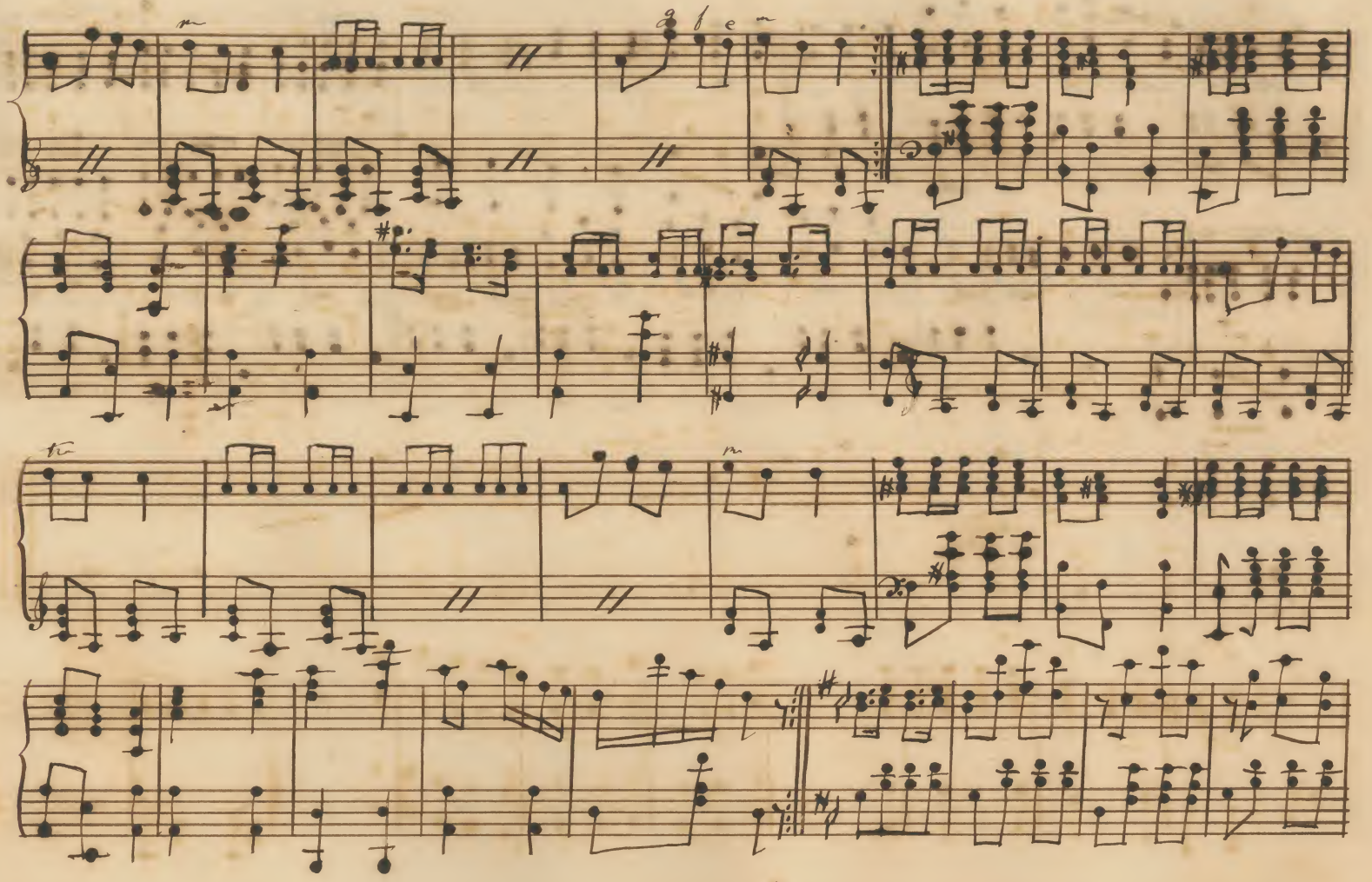

8va
ff
ff
Fine
1st + 2nd parts over.

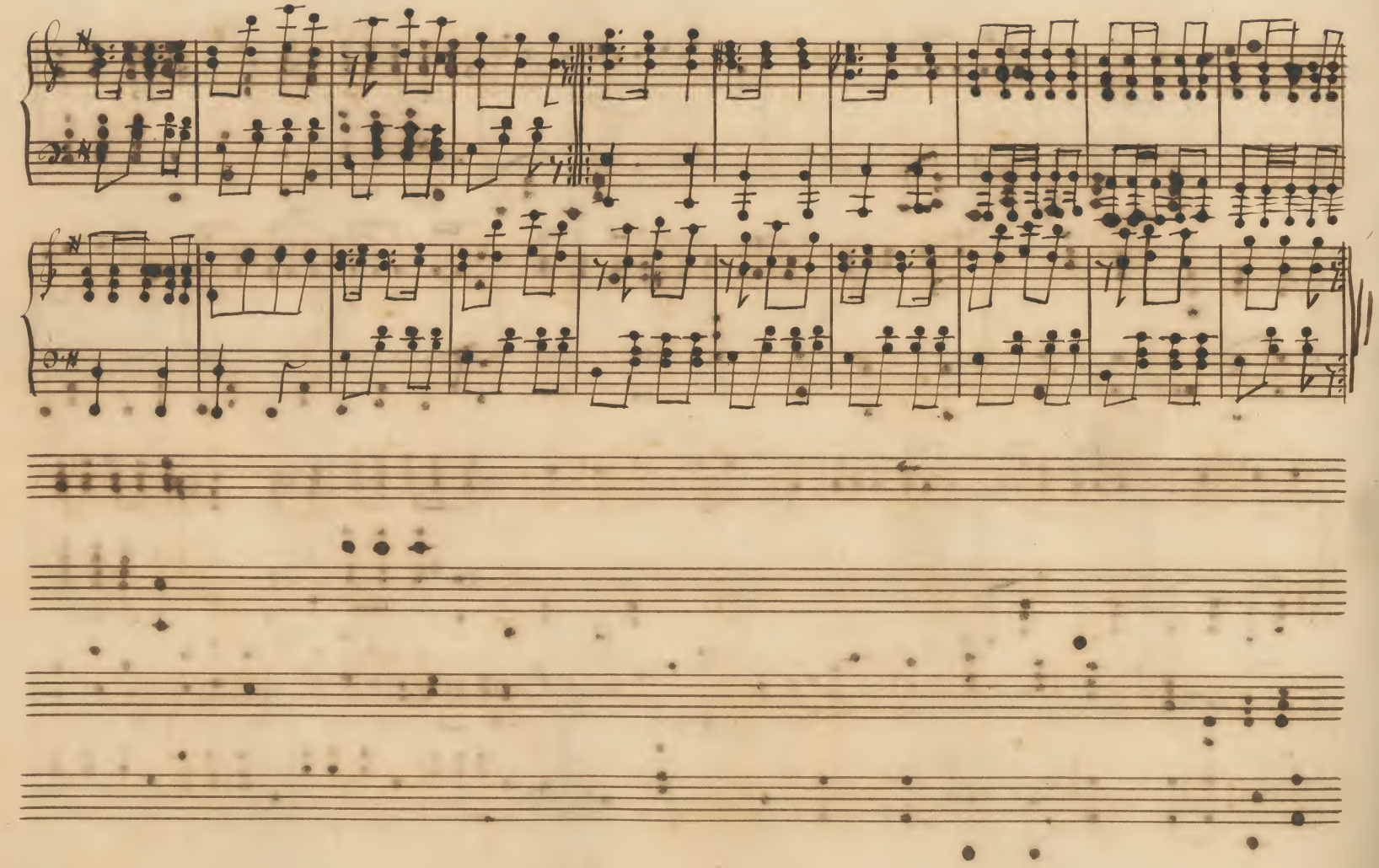
# Leon Waltz



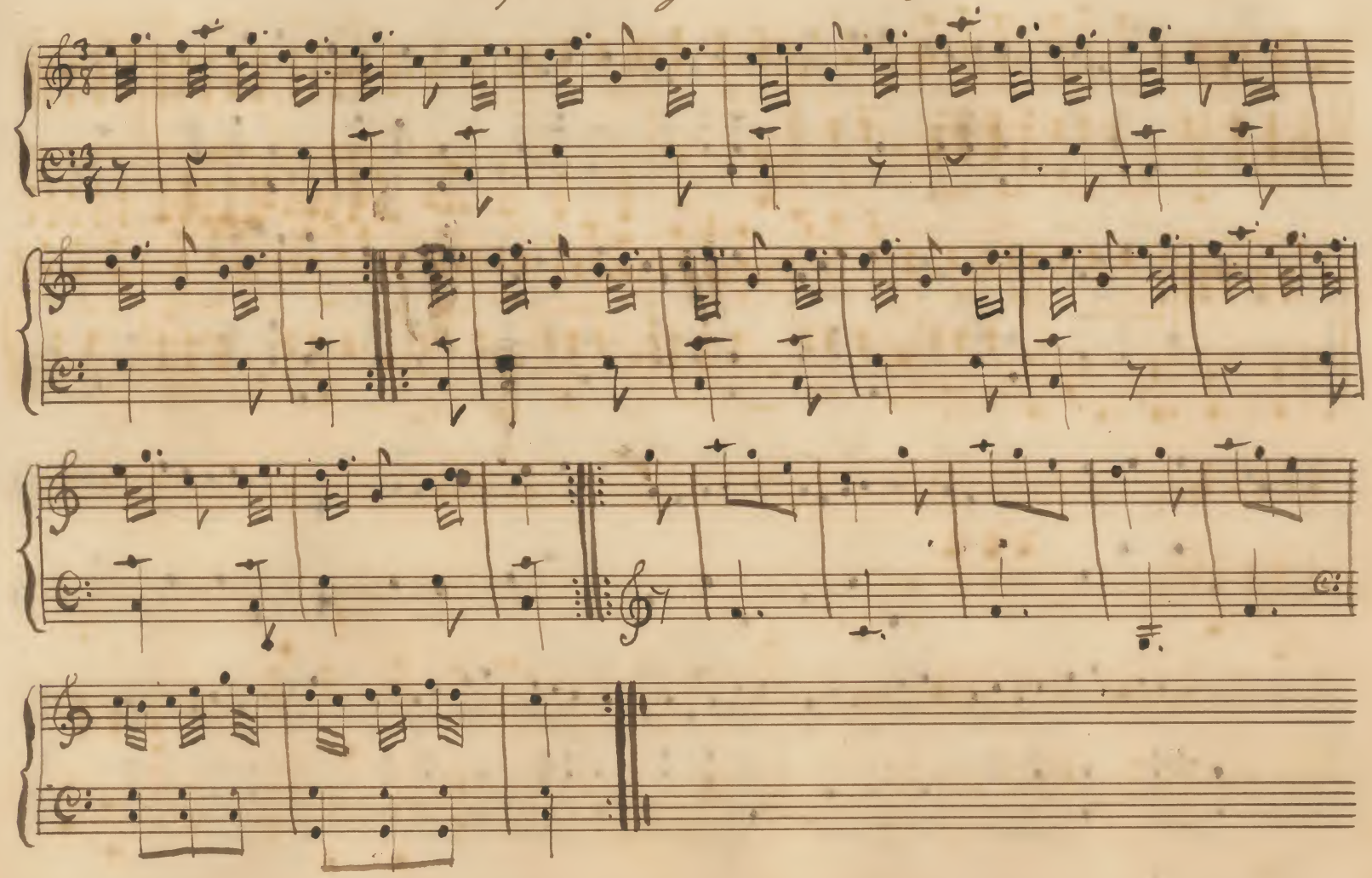

8va
Bordeaux Gallop

Boulevard Gallopade.

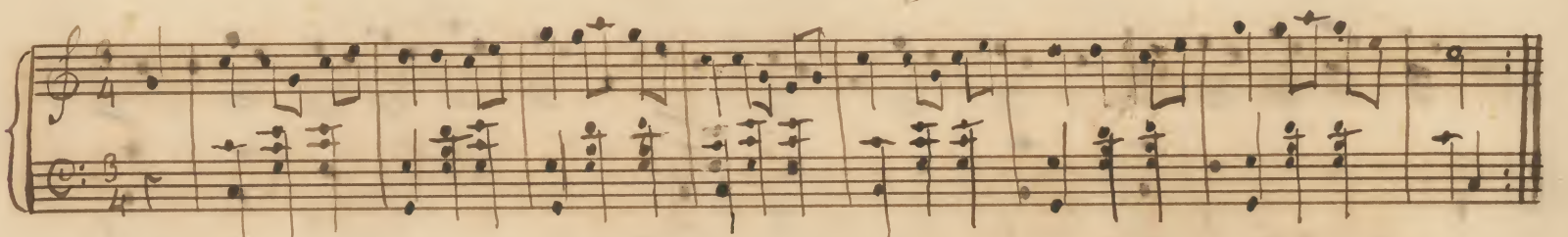


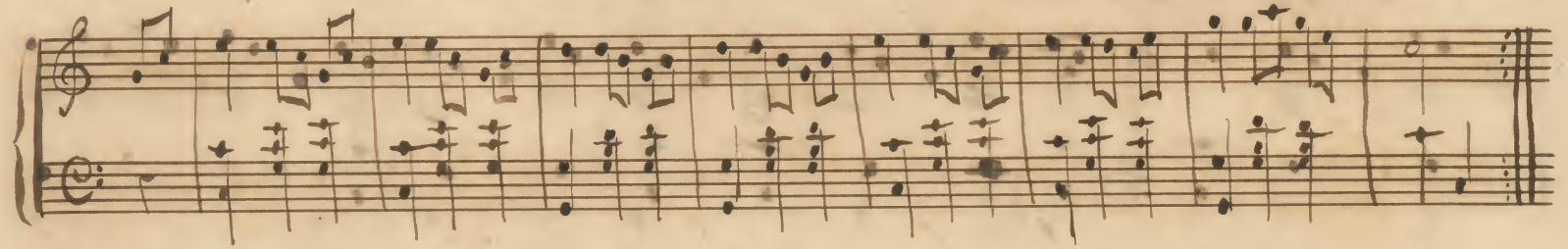


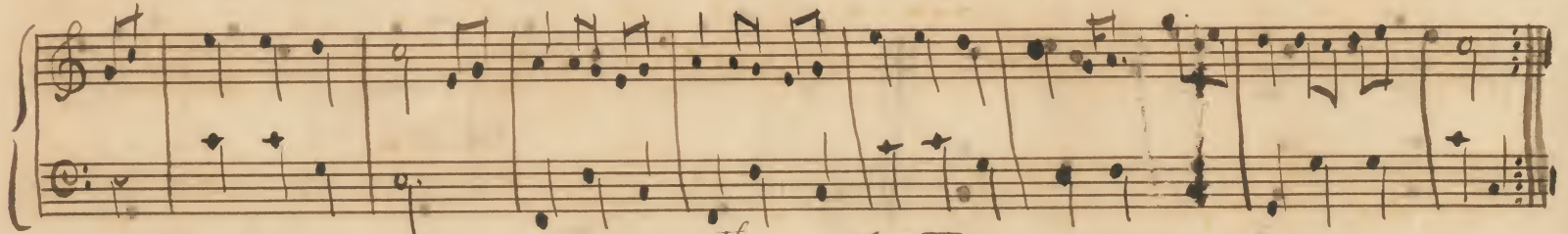
# Copenhagan Waltz



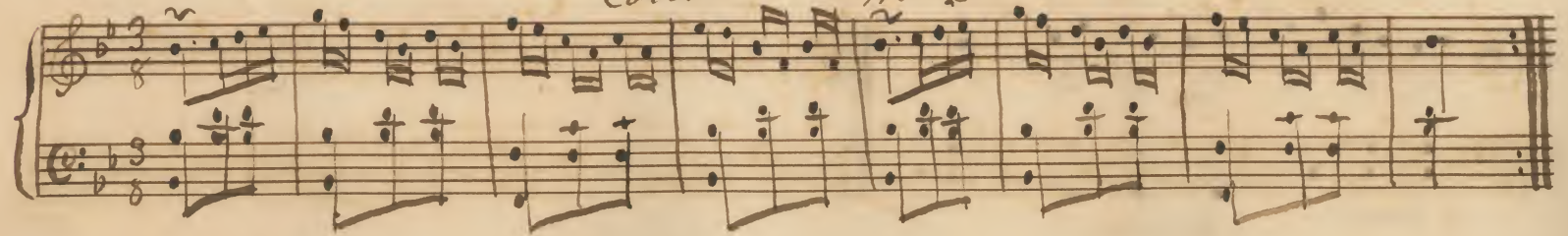
## Creole Waltz

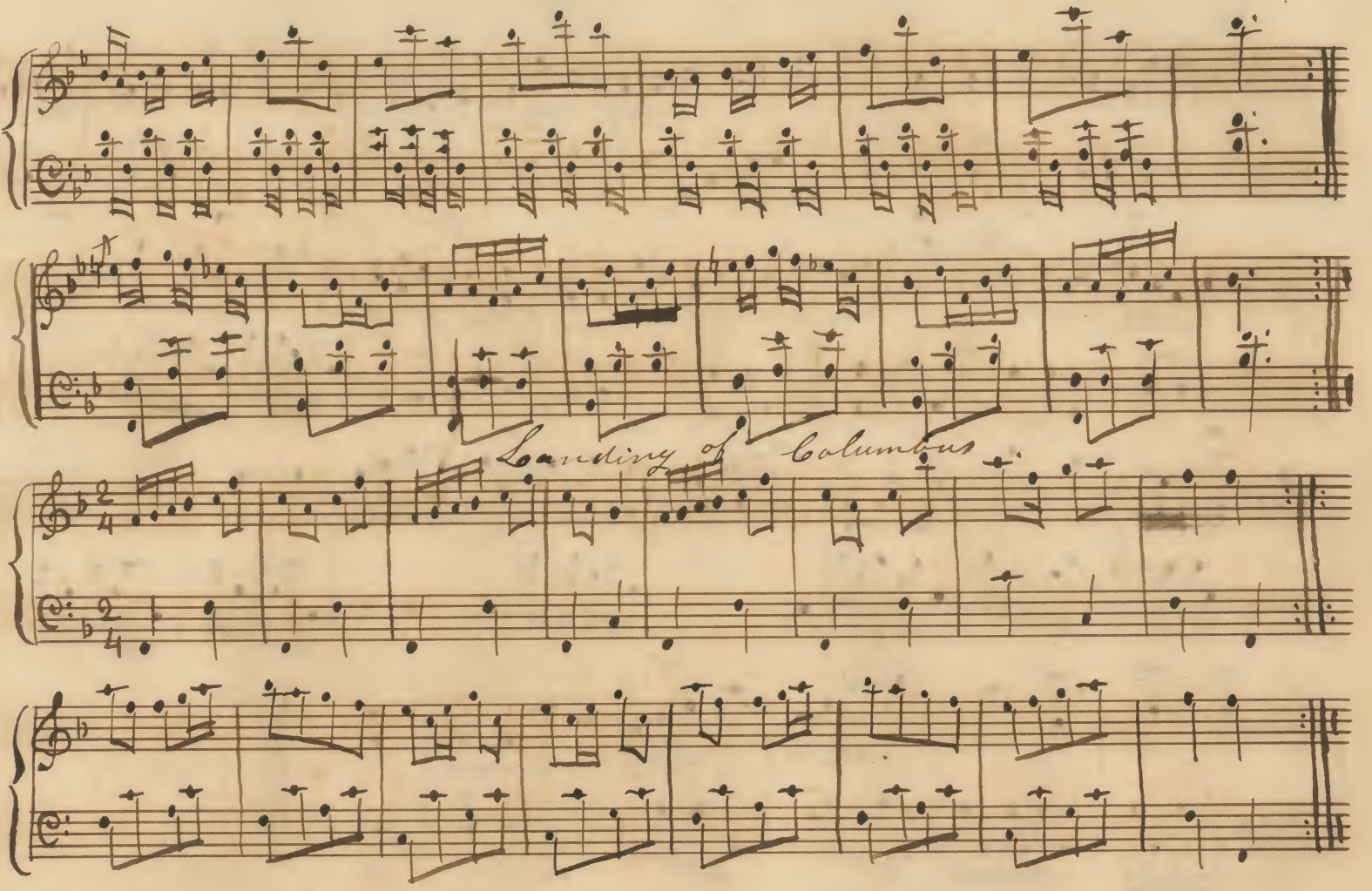




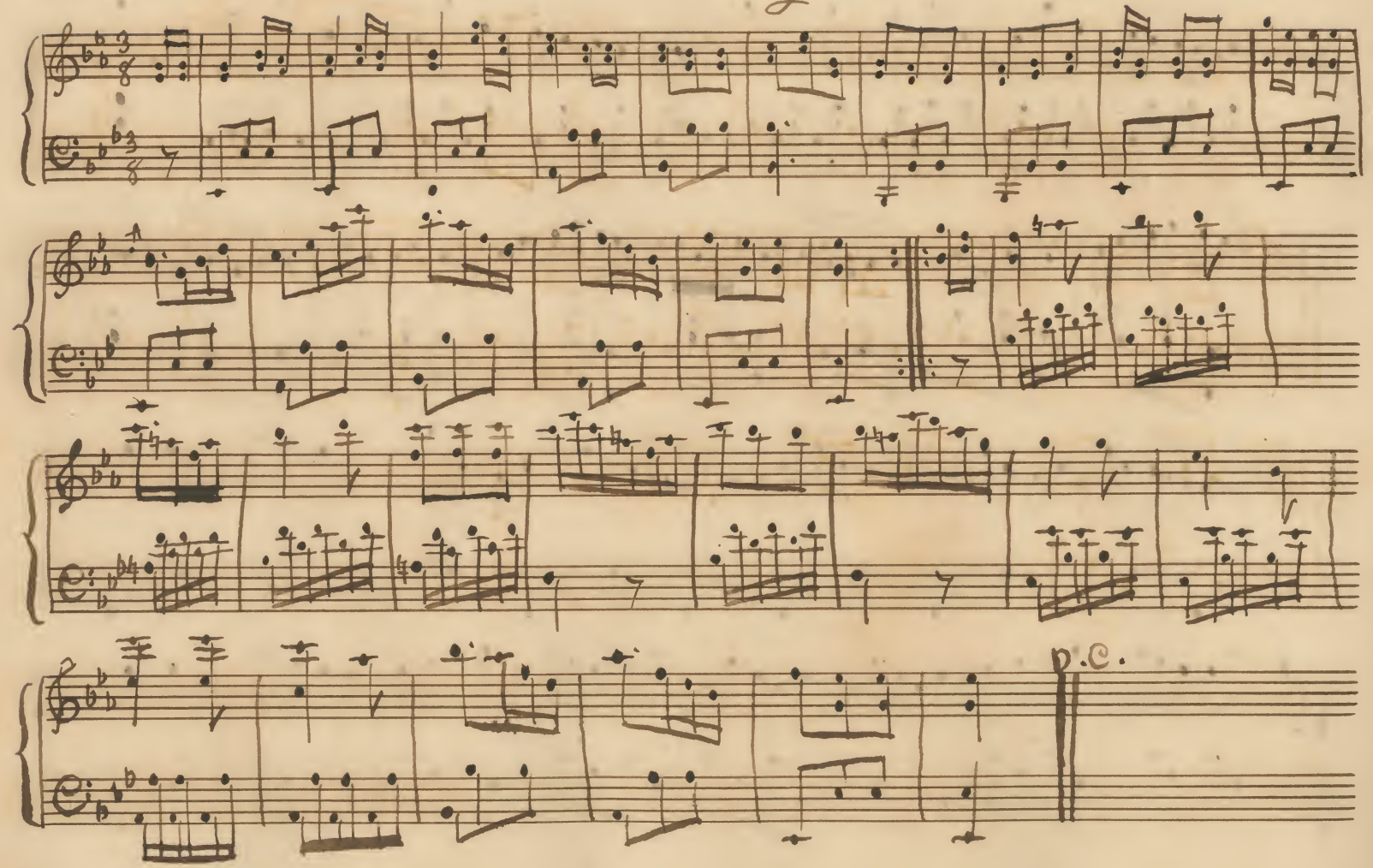


## Corinthian Waltz

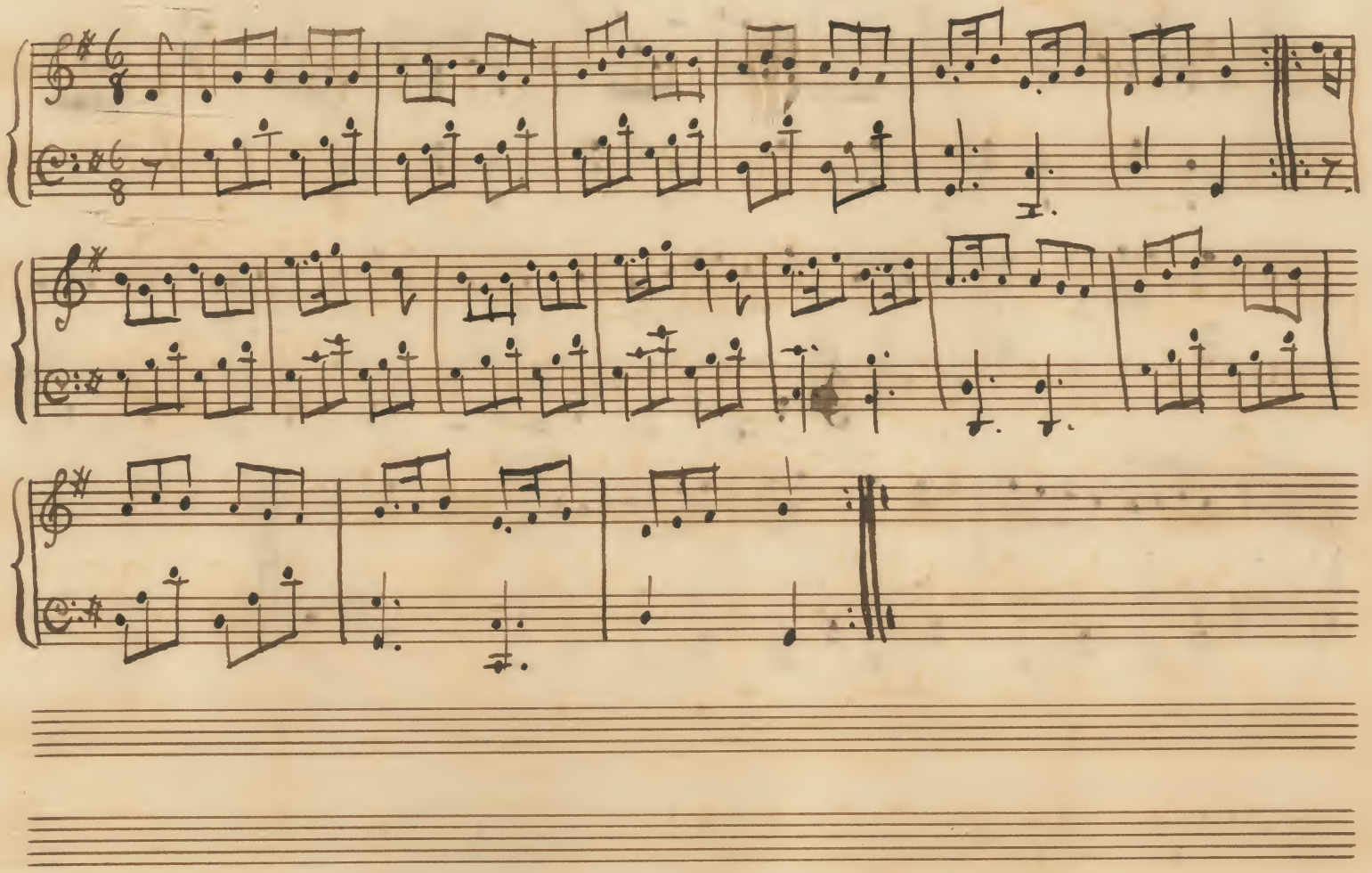



Landing of Columbus

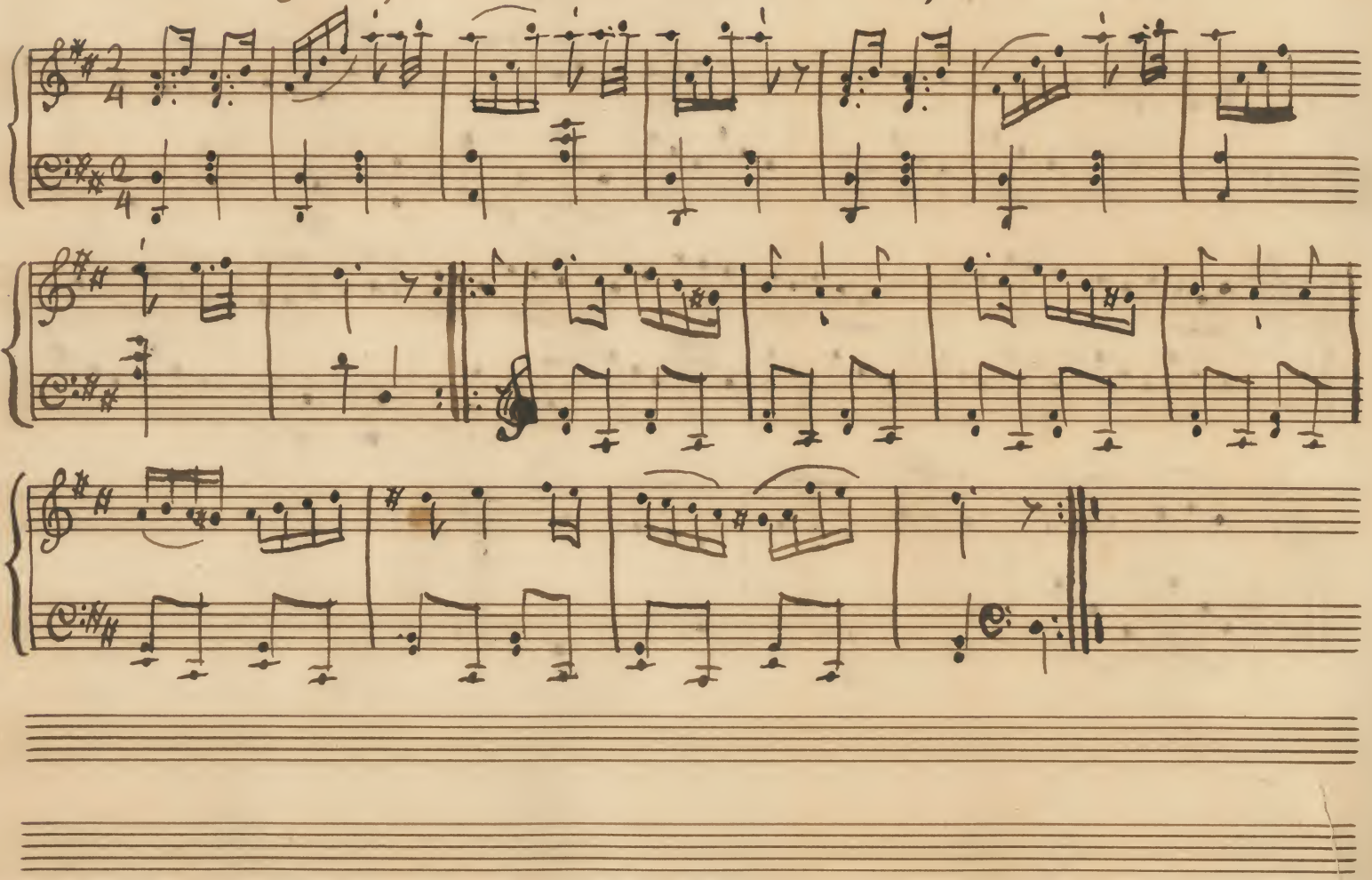
# River Waltz



# Sprig of Shelaly



# Gallopade from the Opera of Emile



## They told me not to Love Him.

Poetry by W. D. Gallagher,
Music by E. Thomas, Cincinnatte.

From page 16.

Verse 3

They told me to discard him!
Sing said he meant me ill—
They darkly spoke of fiends that lure
And smile, and kiss, and—kill!
I all unheeding heard them—for
I knew it could not be
That one so false as they thought him,
Could be so dear to me—

— 4 —

But they forced me to discard him!
Yet I could not cease to love—
For our mutual vows recorded were
By a yet higher above.
He left his boyhood's home and sought
Forgetfulness afar;
But warring,—and he fought
And fell, in glorious war.

— 5 —

He's with in heaven now—while I
Am bound to this dull earth:
Oh! how my sad soul longs to break
Away, and wander forth.
From star to star, its course would be—
Unresting it would go
Till we united were above,
Whom severed were below—

## Gaily the Troubadour.

1

Gaily the Troubadour
Touched his gay guitar;
When he was hastening
Home from the war,
Singing "From Palestine
Hither I come
Ladye Love! Ladye Love!
Welcome me Home".
Singing &c—

— 2 —

She for the Troubadour
Hopelessly wept,
Sadly she thought of him,
When others slept;
Singing "In search of thee
Would I might roam
Troubadour! Troubadour!
Come to thy Home"
Singing &c—

— 3 —

Hark! 'Twas the Troubadour
Breathing her name,
Under the lattice
Soft he came;
Singing "From Palestine
Hither I come
Ladye Love! Ladye Love!
Welcome me Home.
Singing &c—



I'm Saddest when I sing—

2—

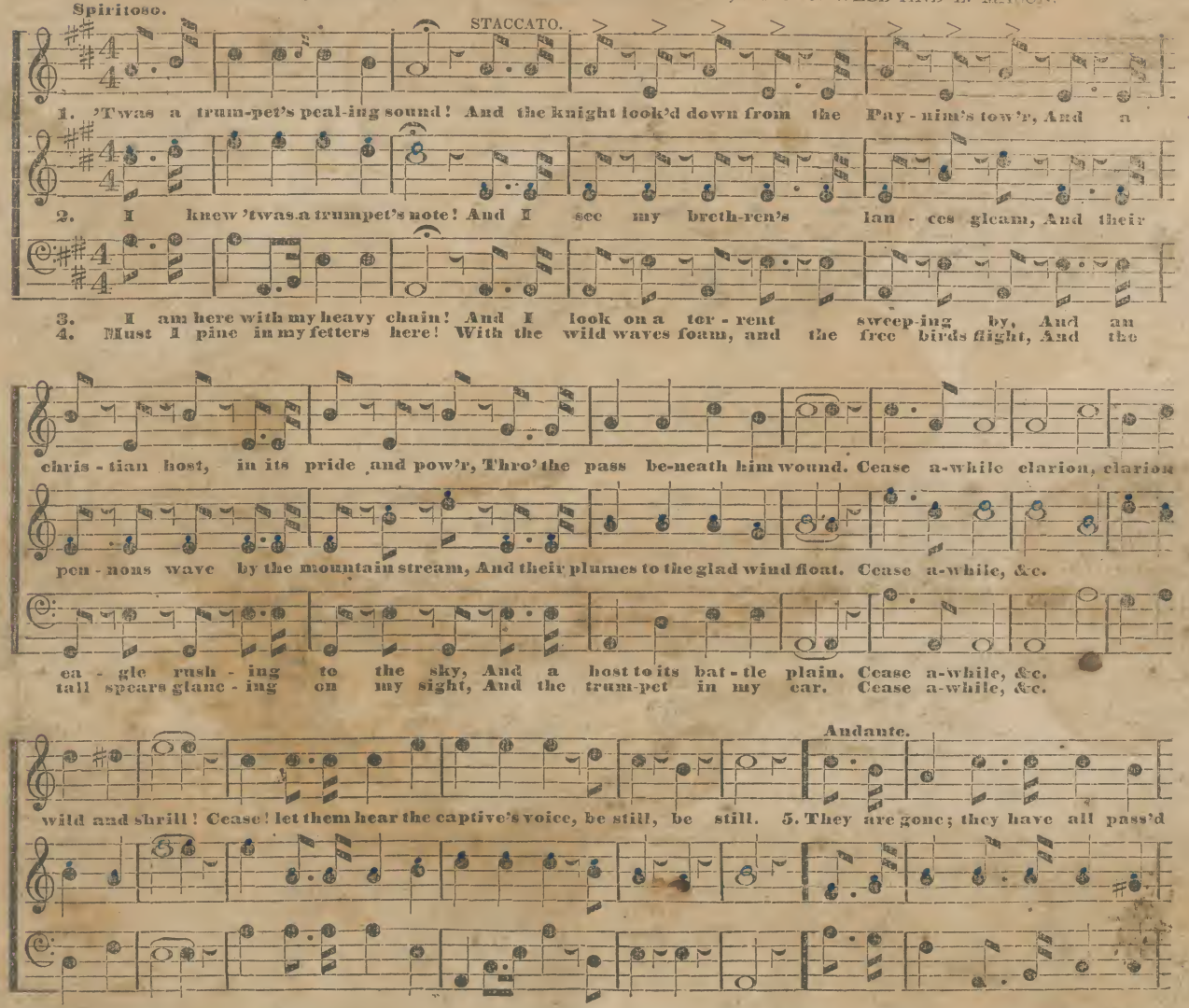
I heard them first in that sweet home
I never more shall see;
And now each song of joy has got
A plaintive turn for me.
Alas! 'tis pain in winter time
To mock the songs of spring:
Each note recalls some withered leaf:—
I'm saddest when I sing—

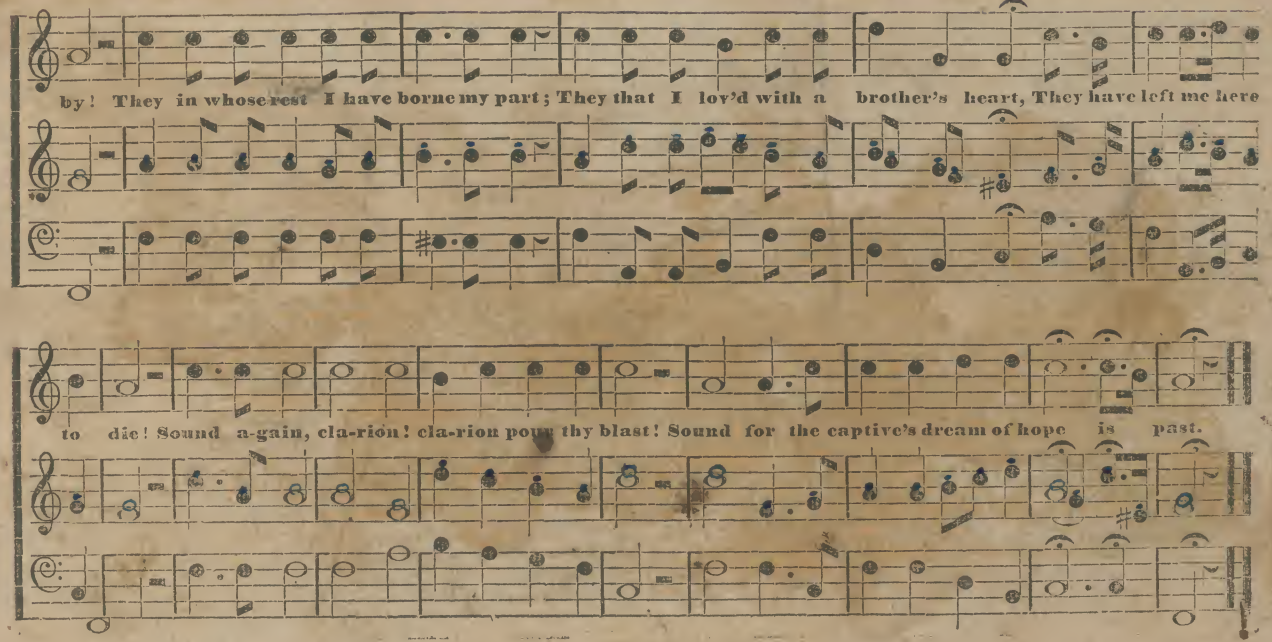
3—

Of all the friends I used to know,
My Harp remains alone;
Its faithful voice still seems to be
An echo of my own—
My tears, when I bend over it,
Will fall upon its strings;
Yet those who hear me little think
I'm Saddest when I sing—

# THE CAPTIVE KNIGHT.

A POPULAR SONG, BY MISS BROWN—ARRANGED AS A TRIO, BY G. J. WEBB AND L. MASON.




by! They in whose rest I have borne my part; They that I lov'd with a brother's heart, They have left me here
to die! Sound a-gain, cla-rion! cla-rion pour thy blast! Sound for the captive's dream of hope is past.